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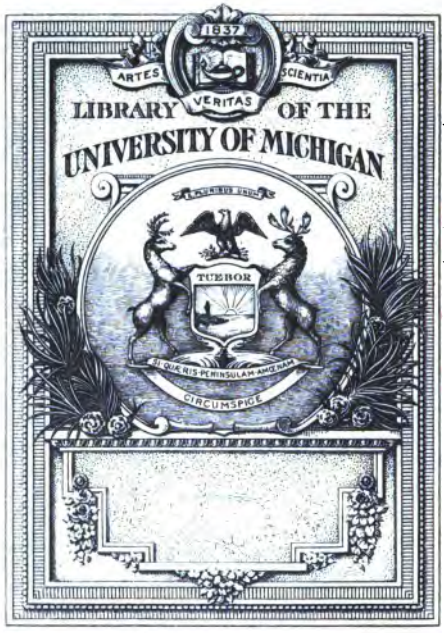
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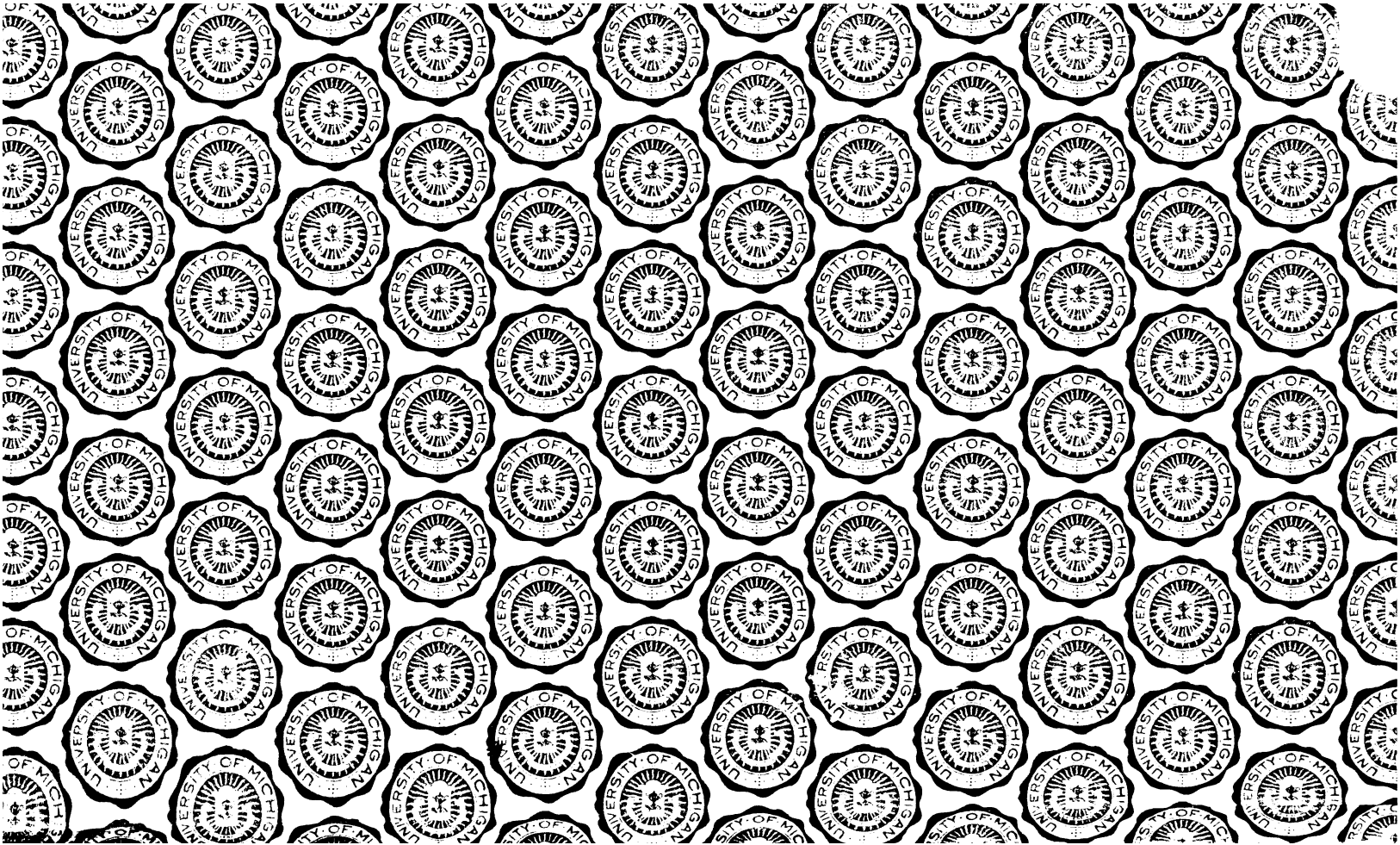
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GIUS.ALEX.RONCHETTI.

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

[The Articles marked thus † were not inserted in Dr. WARBURTON's Edition.]

LETTERS TO AND FROM EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER		Page
I.	Of the Geography of Homer, a map done by the Author. The state of the times: The siege of Barcelona, the Queen's death, the condition of the English Roman Catholics: Wishes for the peace of the nation	3
II.	From Mr. Blount. Answer to the former. His temper in religion and politics	6
III.	From Mr. Blount. His disposition to quiet; reflections on the affair of Preston: An invitation into the country	8
IV.	An account of the death of Mr. Wycherley	10
V.	Contemplations on the pleasures of separate Spirits, on the narrow conceptions of men, the vanity of human knowledge, the variety of opinions in religion, and the great duty of charity	12
VI.	Consolations under persecution; The duty of mutual assistance: Universal Charity. The Author leaving Windsor-Forest	15
VII.	From Mr. Blount	19
VIII.	After the affair of Preston. The Author's removal, change of life, and resignation to it	20
IX.	To Mr. Blount, after his retirement into Flanders. On the History of Jeffery of Monmouth, etc.	22
X.	On the death of the Author's father	24
XI.	To Mr. Blount	26
XII.	On Mr. Blount's recovery from an illness: Advice to sell his estate	27

LETTER Page
XIII. Of his manner of life in the country, and of the Author's near the town - - - - - - 29
XIV. A description of a grotto - - - - - 31
XV. On the approach of winter, hospitality, and a cheerful family - - - - - - - - - 35

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE HONOURABLE ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1724.

I. After a fit of sickness. Of the tragedy of Gorboduc. The Author's progress in translating Homer's Iliad - - - - - - - - - 39
II. Excuse for writing carelessly: The humour of the Town - - - - - - - - - 41
III. From Mr. Digby. Answer to the former - - 43
IV. On the finishing his Translation of the Iliad. His situation at Twickenham, Planting. The death of a friend. - - - - - - - - 45
V. From Mr. Digby. Answer to the former - - 48
VI. From Mr. Digby. On the South-sea year - - 49
VII. Answer to the former - - - - - 50
VIII. From Mr. Digby. On the same subject - - 52
IX. † From the Same - - - - - - - 53
X. Character of Dr. Arbuthnot and his brother. Death of a friend - - - - - - - - 54
XI. Character of the Digby Family - - - - 55
XII. Lord Bathurst's Wood; the camp in Hyde-Park; the Bishop of Rochester's conversation - - 57
XIII. A Winter-invitation to a fire-side - - - 59
XIV. From Mr. Digby. A Letter of friendship: The disadvantages of an ill constitution. Consolation in friends of integrity. Their manner of life in the country preferred to that in the town 61
XV. On the same subject - - - - - 63
XVI. † On Lord B**'s improvements - - - - 66
XVII. On the season of Christmas: Customs of hospitality: Charity and good works, where they are yet subsisting - - - - - - - 68
XVIII. To the Hon. Edward Digby, on his brother's death 70

LETTERS TO AND FROM DR. ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

From 1716 to 1723.

Letter		Page
I.	From the Bishop of Rochester. Concerning Mr. Pope's general Preface to his Works	73
II.	From the Same	74
III.	From the Bishop of Rochester. On occasion of the death of Mr. Pope's father	76
IV.	The Answer	77
V.	On the fate of the South-Sea	81
VI.	From the Bishop of Rochester. Of Mr. Dryden's monument: The Arabian Tales: The South-sea scheme	83
VII.	From the Same. On a manuscript of Huetius, and the Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt	87
VIII.	From the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, on the epitaph of his son	*ibid.*
IX.	From the Bishop of Rochester. On his ill health. Waller's verses on sickness. Mr. Prior's funeral	91
X.	From the Same. His love of the country. A passage in Tully. Of Shakspeare, and the publication of Mr. Addison's works	94
XI.	To the Bishop of Rochester	97
XII.	From the Bishop. On a character drawn by the Author	*ibid.*
XIII.	To the Bishop in the country: Wishes for his quiet	99
XIV.	From the Bishop of Rochester, his desire of quiet, and love of books	100
XV.	An invitation to Twickenham: The vanity and emptiness of the world	101
XVI.	From the Bishop of Rochester. An answer to the former. His dislike of great men: Preparation for his burial-place in Westminster-Abbey	103
XVII.	From the Same, on the same subject. The state of his mind, and the world's mistake of his character	106
XVIII.	From the Same. More concerning men of quality. Of Milton's manuscript, and Agonistes	108
XIX.	The Duke of Marlborough's funeral. The Author's resolution to keep clear of flattery	109

LETTER Page

XX. From the Bishop. Answer to the former. Application of some verses of Horace to the Duke of Marlborough's funeral - - - - - 111
XXI. From the Bishop of Rochester in the Tower - 114
XXII. The Answer - - - - - - - - 116
XXIII. The Author's last letter to the Bishop of Rochester 119
XXIV. From the Bishop of Rochester - - - - 124
XXV. On the Death of his Daughter - - - - 128

LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. GAY, etc.

From 1712 to 1732.

I. The Author's opinion of Mr. Gay's merit and modesty - - - - - - - - - 133
II. His desire to do him service, and advice as to the study of Poetry - - - - - - - 134
III. Concerning painting; Mr. Gay's poem of the Fan 135
IV. To Mr. Gay on his return from Hanover after the Queen's death. Advice about Politics - - 137
V. After the death of the Author's father, and the sale of his estate. Mr. Gay's poem to Mr. Lowndes, and his expectations at court - - - - 140
VI. From Mr. Gay to Mr. F. on the remarkable death of two lovers by lightning, with their epitaph - 142
VII. To Mr. Gay at Bath; the commitment of the Bishop of Rochester to the Tower - - - - 145
VIII. Of disappointments from great men: Friends commemorated - - - - - - - - 146
IX. Assurances of remembrance in absence - - 148
X. To Mr. Gay in a dangerous sickness - - - 149
XI. †To the Same - - - - - - - 150
XII. †To the Same - - - - - - - 151
XIII. On his recovery, and Mr. Congreve's death - 152
XIV. To the Hon. Mrs. —— - - - - - - 154
XV. Excuse for not writing. Of Mr. Fenton's death - 155
XVI. A congratulation to Mr. Gay, on the end of his expectations at court. The innocence of a private life, and the happiness of independency - 158
XVII. From Mr. Gay, in the country. Thoughts of buying a farm, and about the Dunciad - - 160

LETTER Page

XVIII. To Mr. Gay, in the country. Wishes to serve him - - - - - - - - - - 161

XIX. Complaints of his absence, and some envy at his situation - - - - - - - - - 163

XX. The Author more and more inclined to retirement 165

XXI. More of the same. Concern for his friend's absence, affection to his person, and wishes for his happiness - - - - - - - - 166

XXII. Desiring him to return to town, and resume the study of Poetry. The state of wit at that time 168

XXIII. On the same subject. The death of Wilks the player: Verses on the Hermitage at Richmond, etc. - - - - - - - - 170

XXIV. From Mr. Gay. His ill state of health. His opinion of writing Panegyric - - - 172

XXV. From Mr. Cleland to Mr. Gay - - - 174

XXVI. Mr. Pope to the Earl of Burlington - - - 178

XXVII. To Mrs. B*. The Author's bad health, complaints of absence, and some advice to his friend - - - - - - - - - 180

XXVIII. To the Same. On the death of Mr. Gay, his mother's illness, and other melancholy incidents - - - - - - - - 182

XXIX. †Mr. Pope to Mr. Christopher Pitt. Translation of Vida's Poetic. Denies any concern in the reviewing or recommending Lintot's Miscellany - - - - - - - - 184

XXX. To Hugh Bethel, Esq. Praise of humanity and good-nature. The benefits of equality in friendship - - - - - - - - - 186

XXXI. To the Same. On the death of the Earl of C—— 188

XXXII. On his mother's recovery: The melancholy offices of friends. A prospect of the Town upon the death of the King - - - - - 190

XXXIII. On the publishing his Letters. The situation of the Author, his pleasures and his friendships - 192

XXXIV. To the Earl of Peterborow. His love of gardening. Reflections on Titles. Dearth of news - 194

XXXV. From the Earl of Peterborow. Stowe-Gardens: Temper of Women: His love of laziness, and the reason - - - - - - - - 196

XXXVI. Answer to the former - - - - - 198

Letter		Page
XXXVII.	From the Earl of Peterborow. His dislike of coming to town: The Charitable Corporation. More concerning Women	201
XXXVIII.	From the Earl of Peterborow from his Garden: His idea of the Golden Age, and unwillingness to come to town	202
XXXIX.	From the Same. Desire to see Dr. Swift. Alteration in his passions, and from whence	204
XL.	From Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborow	206
XLI.	To ***. A consultation about designing a garden: Various opinions, and some general reflections	207
XLII.	To Mr. C——, expostulatory on the hardships done an unhappy lady, etc.	210
XLIII.	To Mr. Richardson	213
XLIV.	To the Same; after Mrs. Pope's death	214
XLV.	To the Same	215
XLVI.	†To the Same	217
XLVII.	To Mr. Bethel, concerning the Essay on Man, etc.	218
XLVIII.	To Mrs. B. Concern for the loss of friends	220
XLIX.	From Dr. Arbuthnot in his last sickness. His dying request to the Author	222
L.	The Answer	223
LI.	†Mr. Mallet to Lord Bolingbroke, on Dr. Warburton's Edition of Pope, in nine volumes	227
LII.	†Mr. Gay to Mr. Pope. On the Three Hours after Marriage	229
LIII.	†To ***. Description of Blenheim	230
LIV.	†Mr. Pope to Lord Oxford	232
LV.	†To the Same	233
LVI.	†To the Same	234
LVII.	†To John Vandr, Bempden, Esq.	235
LVIII.	†To Mr. Jervas	*ibid.*
LIX.	†To Jabez Hughes, Esq.	237
LX.	†To Mr. Dennis	238
LXI.	†To his Father	*ibid.*
LXII.	†To the Same	239
LXIII.	†To his Brother	240
LXIV.	†To his Sister	*ibid.*
LXV.	†From Mr. Blount	241
LXVI.	†To Mr. Gay	*ibid.*
LXVII.	To the Same	242

Letter		Page
LXVIII.	†From his Mother	244
LXIX.	†From Mr. Tonson	245
LXX.	†From the Same	*ibid.*
LXXI.	†From the Same	246
LXXII.	†From the Same	247
LXXIII.	†To Mr. Lintot	*ibid.*
LXXIV.	†From Mr. Lintot	248
LXXV.	†From the Same	249
LXXVI.	†Mr. Steele to Mr. Lintot	250
LXXVII.	†Mr. Fenton to Mr. Lintot	251
LXXVIII.	†From Mr. Fenton	*ibid.*
LXXIX.	†From Mr. Wycherley	252
LXXX.	†From Mr. Trumbull	254
LXXXI.	†From Mr. Walsh	*ibid.*
LXXXII.	†From Mr. Steele	255
LXXXIII.	†From the Same	*ibid.*
LXXXIV.	†From Mr. Rowe	256
LXXXV.	†From Mr. Caryll	*ibid.*
LXXXVI.	†From the Same	257
LXXXVII.	†From Mr. Hughes	258
LXXXVIII.	†From Mr. Craggs	259
LXXXIX.	†Fragment of a Letter from Mr. Evans	260
XC.	†From the Same	*ibid.*
XCI.	†From Mr. Congreve	261
XCII.	†From the Same	262
XCIII.	†From Dr. Young	263
XCIV.	†Lord Peterborow to Mr. Pope	*ibid.*
XCV.	†Sir Godfrey Kneller to Mr. Pope	264
XCVI.	†From the Same	*ibid.*
XCVII.	†From the Same	265
XCVIII.	†From the Same	*ibid.*
XCIX.	†Mr. Jervas to Mr. Pope	266
C.	†From the Same	267
CI.	†From the Same	268
CII.	†From the Same	269
CIII.	†From the Same	270
CIV.	†From ****	271
CV.	†From Mr. Pitt, the Translator of Virgil, to Mr. Spence, with a Specimen of the Translation of the 23d Odyssey	272
CVI.	†Mr. Pope to Dr. Parnelle, complaining of his Letters not having been answered	274

LETTER Page

CVII. †To the Same. Earnestly entreating his return from Ireland - - - - - - - 276

CVIII. †To the Same. Respecting the publication of Zoilus and several of Parnelle's Poems; intention of publishing an entire collection of Madrigals - - - - - - - - 279

CIX. †From Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Pope, on the same subject - - - - - - 281

CX. †To the Same, from Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay. On the same subject - - - - - - - 284

LETTERS TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

I. †Mr. Pope to Aaron Hill, Esq. On the subject of a new play - - - - - - - - 287

II. †On the same subject - - - - - - 289

III. †On the subject of his calumniators - - - 290

IV. †On the same subject - - - - - - 292

V. †On the correction of a poem transmitted by Mr. Hill - - - - - - - - - 298

VI. †On the same subject - - - - - - 299

VII. †On the same subject. Approving the Dedication to Mr. Hill's Poem - - - - - - 300

VIII. †On the subject of the Poem - - - - - 301

IX. †To the same, with some lines written by Mr. Pope from the bed-side of his mother, during her last illness - - - - - - - - - 302

X. †Declining writing an epilogue to Mr. Hill's play 304

XI. †Desiring the play to be sent to the Countess of Suffolk - - - - - - - - - 305

XII. †Proposing to attend with Lord Burlington, Lord Bathurst, and others, at the first representation 306

XIII. †Remarks on the performance and actors - - - 307

XIV. †Observations on the unfavourable reception of the play - - - - - - - - - 308

XV. †To the Same, acknowledging the receipt of the Translation of Voltaire - - - - - - 310

XVI. †To the Same, acknowledging the receipt of some Verses - - - - - - - - - 311

XVII. †To the Same - - - - - - - 312

LETTER Page
XVIII. †To the Same - - - - - - - - 314
XIX. †To the Same. Mr. Pope's opinion of the Tragedy of Cæsar - - - - - - - - 316
XX. †On the same subject - - - - - - 317
XXI. †To the Same - - - - - - - 319
XXII. †To the Same - - - - - - - 320
XXIII. †To the Same - - - - - - - 322
XXIV. †To the Same, in answer to an attack on Mr. Pope in a Paper of Verses, in a public Journal, on account of some lines in the Dunciad complained of by Mr. Hill - - - - - - - 323
XXV. †Mr. Hill to Mr. Pope, in answer to the preceding Letter - - - - - - - - 325

LETTERS TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I. †Mr. Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Account of a melancholy accident of two lovers who were struck dead by lightning on a haycock, in which they had endeavoured to screen themselves from the storm, and who were buried in one grave in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire; with the Epitaph for their monument - - 331
II. †To the Same. Expressing his attachment, anxiety for her return, and approbation of her Eclogues, etc. - - - - - - - - - 336
III. †To the Same. Observations on her intended journey through Italy, Germany, Turkey, etc. - - 341
IV. †To the Same. Acknowledging the receipt of her Letters, and professing invariable friendship and esteem - - - - - - - - - 345
V. †To the Same. On the subject of her journey - 348
VI. †To the Same. Farther proofs of his attachment and regard, in answer to some Letters descriptive of her tour - - - - - - - - 354
VII. †To the Same, after a severe illness. Death of his Father. Requesting her to send him a Circassian woman, the model of herself - - - - 356
VIII. †To the Same. His joy on her return to England. Anxiety to meet her. Description of an ancient country-seat - - - - - - - - 360

LETTER Page

IX. †To the Same - - - - - - - - - 366

X. †To the Same. On drawing her Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller - - - - - - - - 368

XI. †To the Same - - - - - - - - - 369

XII. †To the Same. Supposing that several of his Letters had miscarried; and complaining of his eye-sight being so bad that he had dropped all other correspondence. Transmitting the third volume of the Iliad, and some other things, to Mr. Wortley - 370

XIII. †To the Same. Expressing his regret at her intention of leaving England, and stating his indisposition at the time . - - - - - - 374

The Character of KATHERINE, late Dutchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby - - - - - - - 378

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ. THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY,
DR. ATTERBURY (BISHOP OF ROCHESTER),
MR. GAY, AND OTHERS.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

From 1714 to 1725.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ.

August 27, 1714.

WHATEVER studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The task I undertook[1], though of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase by the enlarging my design of the Notes; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford: But I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it.

I find still more reason to complain of the negligence of the Geographers[2] in their Maps of old

[1] The Translation of Homer's Iliad. P.

[2] The learned and entertaining Mr. *Wood*, in his discourse on the *original* genius of Homer, censures the inaccuracies of this

Greece, since I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have some cause to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few situations. I have been forced to write to him in so high a style, that, were my epistles intercepted, it would raise no small admiration in an ordinary man. There is scarce an order in it of less importance, than to remove such and such mountains, alter the course of such and such rivers, place a large city on such a coast, and raze another in another country. I have set bounds to the sea, and said to the land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no farther[3]. In the mean time, I, who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of losing my horse, and stand in some fear of a country Justice[4]: To disarm me indeed may be but prudential, considering what armies I have at present on foot, and in my service; a hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand Priests; and they

Map which Pope himself drew to be prefixed to his Homer. Among other things, he says, "that so capital an error, for instance, as that of discharging the *Scamander* into the *Ægean* Sea, instead of the *Hellespont*, is a striking specimen of the careless, and superficial manner, in which this matter has been treated." And he adds, "the translator is as inconsistent, sometimes, with his own incorrect Map, as both he and his Map are with the real situation of the ground." These remarks are more valuable, because they were made by an accurate observer, on the spot, with Homer in his hand.

[3] This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his observations on the second Iliad. P.

[4] Some of the Laws were, at this time, put in force against the Papists. W.

seem proper forces to send against those in Barcelona. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as, they say, the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say who am a Papist, and say to you who are a Papist, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that People so greatly warmed with a sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak superstition, and that so much bravery, and so much folly, can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other men's. I thank God, that, as for myself, I am below all the accidents of state-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good-will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure, those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory; that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either: and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them. I am sure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well

for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that Spirit, it had been well for all others; and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of Persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiments[5] of the state of our nation since this change; I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is, the quiet of my Country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

It is with a great deal of pleasure I see your letter, dear Sir, written in a style that shews you full of health and in the midst of diversions: I think those two things necessary to a man who has such undertakings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are indebted to you for taking so much pains about the situation of his Heroes' kingdoms; it will not only be of great use with regard to his works, but to all that read any of the Greek historians; who generally are ill understood through the difference of the maps as to the places they treat of, which makes one think one author contradicts another. You are going

[5] These liberal and candid sentiments do honour to his temper and judgment.

to set us right; and it is an advantage every body will gladly see you engross the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and easy, from formal pedants; and teach men to be short and pertinent, from tedious commentators. However, I congratulate your happy deliverance from such authors, as you (with all your humanity) cannot wish alive again to converse with. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to please without their leave; and Zealots will shrug up their shoulders at a man, that pretends to get to Heaven out of their form, dress, and diet. I would no more make a judgment of an author's genius from a damning critic, than I would of a man's religion from an unsaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new glory of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to coin such a word): I fancy you would find a juster parallel than it seems at first sight; for the Trojans too had a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and I am out of countenance for them when I read the wise result of their council, where, after a warm debate between Antenor and Paris about restoring Helen, Priam sagely determines that they shall go to supper. And as for the Greeks, what can equal their superstition in sacrificing an innocent lady.

Tantum Relligio potuit, *etc.*

I have a good opinion of my politics, since they agree with a man who always thinks so justly as you. I wish it were in our power to persuade all the nation into as calm and steady a disposition of mind.

We have received the late melancholy news with

the usual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loss of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illustrious King. My views carry me no farther than to wish the peace and welfare of my Country; and my morals and politics teach to leave all that to be adjusted by our representatives above, and to divine Providence. It is much at one to you and me, who sit at the helm, provided they will permit us to sail quietly in the great ship. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortified in us poor Papists; we ought in recompense to cultivate as many virtues in ourselves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my Ambitions, that of being a sincere friend is one of the chief; yet I will confess, that I have a secret pleasure to have some of my descendants know, that their Ancestor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

It is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you should do with my letters just as you pleased, and answer them at your leisure; and that is as soon as I shall think you ought. I have so true a taste of the substantial part of your friendship, that I wave all ceremonials; and I am sure to make you as many visits as I can, and leave you to return them whenever you please, assuring you they shall at all times be heartily welcome to me.

The many alarms we have from your parts, have no effect upon the genius that reigns in our country, which is happily turned to preserve peace and quiet among us. What a dismal scene has there been opened in the North! what ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers, and perchance upon many others too, who upon no account would be their followers! However, it may look ungenerous to reproach people in distress. I don't remember you and I ever used to trouble ourselves about politics, but when any matter happened to fall into our discourse, we used to condemn all undertakings that tended towards the disturbing the peace and quiet of our Country, as contrary to the notions we had of morality and religion, which oblige us on no pretence whatsoever to violate the laws of charity. How many lives have there been lost in hot blood, and how many more are there like to be taken off in cold! If the broils of the nation affect you, come down to me, and though we are farmers, you know Eumeus made his friends welcome. You shall here worship the Echo at your ease; indeed we are forced to do so, because we can't hear the first report, and therefore are obliged to listen to the second; which, for security sake, I do not always believe neither.

It is a great many years since I fell in love with the character of Pomponius Atticus[6]: I longed to

[6] Is the character of a man so cold and indifferent to the state of public affairs, patriæ tempore iniquo, as was Atticus, deserving the praises bestowed on him?

imitate him a little, and have contrived hitherto to be, like him, engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend to some in both: I find myself very well in this way hitherto, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, which, I am persuaded, brings a man more content than all the perquisites of wild ambition. I with pleasure join with you in wishing, nay I am not ashamed to say, in praying for the welfare temporal and eternal of all mankind. How much more affectionately then shall I do so for you, since I am in a most particular manner, and with all sincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1715-16.

I KNOW of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of: Accordingly a few days before his death he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, Matrimony is placed after Extreme unction in our Catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a wo-

man, who (he was told) had merit, and shewn an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call Humour[7]: Mr. Wycherley shewed his, even in this last compliment: though I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments: At least our friend ended much in the character he had lived

[7] An observation founded on a deep knowledge of human nature.

in: And Horace's rule for a play, may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constet.

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn[8] entertained me; but I must acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all

[8] During this visit, it is said, that Pope desired him to write a Tragedy on the Death of Charles the First; which he declined, on account of the recency of the event, and the state of parties in this country. At the same time, also, Pope recommended to him, as another good subject for the Drama, the Story of Mary Queen of Scots; "Which, if I undertake," said Rowe, "I will by no means introduce Queen Elizabeth; for where she appears, all the Queens and Heroines upon earth will make but a little figure." He preferred, and I think injudiciously, his Tragedy of Tamerlane to all his other pieces. As *Bajazet* was intended to represent Louis XIV. this play was not permitted to be acted, during the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, though constantly applauded and called for, till 1710. It is truly mortifying to hear it said, that a man of so gentle, engaging, and tender a disposition, had no heart, and no sincerity in his friendships; and that even Addison held this unfavourable opinion of him.

our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moon-shine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a noble kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is Mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark; and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, Divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that gingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of Friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like these which I discovered in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction; for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic Religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping

him, which divided the whole world[9]. I am pretty sure you and I should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said, that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it.

I am, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I FIND that a real concern is not only a hindrance to speaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourselves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter, at such a season as this, as to retard a melancholy visit to a person one cannot relieve.

[9] This was an opinion taken up by the old Philosophers, as the last support of Paganism against Christianity: And the Missionaries, to both the Indies, tell us, it is the first answer modern barbarians give to the offer made them of the Gospel. But Christians might see that the notion is not only *improbable*, but impossible to be true, if the redemption of mankind was purchased by the death of Jesus, which is the gospel-idea of his Religion. Nor is there any need of this opinion to discredit persecution. For the iniquity of that practice does not arise from restraining what God permits or delights in, but from usurping a jurisdiction over conscience, which belongs only to his tribunal. W.

One is ashamed in that circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced gaities on the other. It is a kind of profanation of things sacred, to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary suffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as yours has no need of being spirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praised into an opinion of its own virtue. It is enough to do and suffer what we ought; and men should know, that the noble power of suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprising greatly, as an unblemished conscience and inflexible resolution are above an accidental flow of spirits, or a sudden tide of blood. If the whole religious business of mankind be included in resignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now some people who give us as good an opportunity of practising the one, as themselves have given an instance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppressed, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: for the greatest power on earth can no sooner do him that injury, but the brave man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to seek for alleviating consolations in a calamity of so much glory, one might say, that to be ruined thus in the gross, with a whole people, is but like perishing in the general conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the most heroic thing we are left ca-

pable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load, and (oppressed as we are) to succour such as are yet more oppressed. If there are too many who cannot be assisted but by what we cannot give, our money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our counsel, by our countenance, and even by our cheerfulness. The misfortunes of private families, the misunderstandings of people whom distresses make suspicious, the coldness of relations whom change of religion may disunite, or the necessities of half-ruined estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be softened in some degree, by a general well-managed humanity among ourselves; if all those who have your principles of belief, had also your sense and conduct. But indeed most of them have given lamentable proofs of the contrary; and it is to be apprehended that they who want sense, are only religious through weakness, and good natured through shame. These are narrow-minded creatures that never deal in essentials, their faith never looks beyond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious French refugee at this instant: what must my concern then be, when I perceive so many anxieties now tearing those hearts, which I have desired a place in, and clouds of melancholy rising on those faces, which I have long looked upon with affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the old, for so many additional inconveniences and chagrins, more than their small remain of life seemed destined

to undergo; and with the young, for so many of those gaieties and pleasures (the portion of youth) which they will by this means be deprived of. This brings into my mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the widow and fatherless, late of—. As I am certain no people living had an earlier and truer sense of others' misfortunes, or a more generous resignation as to what might be their own, so I earnestly wish that whatever part they must bear, may be rendered as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thought, as you always will in any thing that is good or generous: I find by a letter of your Lady's (which I have seen) that their ease and tranquillity is part of your care. I believe there is some fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that make me enamoured of you.

I write this from Windsor-Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hanged do their fellow-prisoners, who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after. I parted from honest Mr. D* with tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbal as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself.

Perhaps I have learnt so far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a man of honour. I believe you and I shall never be ashamed of each other. I know I wish my Country well, and, if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

LETTER VII.

FROM MR. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of satisfaction, in the midst of a very dark and cloudy situation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes must either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically speaking, I should lament the loss Windsor-Forest and you sustain of each other, but that methinks, one can't say you are parted, because you will live by and in one another, while verse is verse. This consideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, since you have the pleasure of the prospect whenever you take it from your shelf, and at the same time the solid cash you sold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in those days, and which will make every place easy to you. I for my part am not so happy; my *parva rura* are fastened to me, so that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of subsistence; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* supportable to me; it is what

I am resolved on with my *Penates*. If therefore you ask me, to whom you shall complain? I will exhort you to leave laziness and the elms of St. James's Park, and choose to join the other two proposals in one, safety and friendship (the least of which is a good motive for most things, as the other is for almost every thing), and go with me where war will not reach us, nor paltry constables summon us to vestries.

The future epistle you flatter me with, will find me still here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reasons to make me regret my home will be, that I shall not have the pleasure of saying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem,

which would have rendered this place more agreeable than ever else it could be to me; for I protest, it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1717.

If a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuse in behalf of a negligent correspondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot say whether it is a felicity or unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole ap-

plication to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the violence, madness, and resentment, of modern War-makers[1], which are likely to prove (to some people at least) more fatal, than the same qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Though the change of my scene of life, from Windsor-Forest to the side of the Thames, be one of the grand Eras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history; yet you can scarce imagine any hero passing from one stage of life to another, with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression), that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at least from obscurity, that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours, but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philosophical, or religious (which soever of those turns we chance to take); and indeed the world is such a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, must either

[1] This was written in the year of the affair at Preston. P.

laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it they say we are ill-natured. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleased than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in short, greater fools, than we really are: so shall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our masters, and happy with our mistresses. I have filled my paper, and so adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I THINK your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the blessed conscience of having acted well in it; and I hope you have received your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe in the religious country you inhabit, you will be better pleased to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose constancy in suffering pain, and whose resolution in pursuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this side the water. I beg, if your health be restored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of service and good advice to the poor Papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that

were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land safely after the deluge upon the shore of Totness.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred history, I would cheer you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coast the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden), in the translation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man[2] is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe those of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to

[2] Pope gave to this clergyman the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus, which ought to be preserved:

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er th' aërial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever-dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles' Horse.

You will excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, etc.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks[3], in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, though your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer by my loss of one of the best of Fathers.

[3] At which General Oglethorpe was present, and of which I have heard him give a lively description.

He had lived in such a course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of Piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, etc.

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancastere. I dare say your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods; with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermitical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that befit a solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with

Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If Piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I asure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they gave me how to slide down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you, and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter

of Montaigne's published by P. Coste[4], giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune said one day to me. "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor individual; no creature to wish, or to fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent being a single man; now I grow old I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterward except the gout. Pray come and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people, such as in the Scripture-phrase possess the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton.

> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane: The ounce,
> The lizard, and the tiger, as the mole
> Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
> In hillocks.

[4] Who gave the best edition of Montaigne in 4to. ever published. He was for some time a preceptor to the Earl of Shaftsbury.

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses[5] of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance. For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did these creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: Let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento, Domine, famulorum famularumque*'s, etc. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gaiest nor easest humour, but always with sincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

You may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well;

[5] One of the few passages he has ever quoted with approbation from Milton.

and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

> They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
> And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink Tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly: And the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the Opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted souls which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they, who are banished from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

> Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You will wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

> Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
> Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim God of Hell!

said a heathen poet; as he is translated by a Christian Bishop[6], who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval unimputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: But He knows, I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twickenham, June 2, 1725.

You shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing

[6] Atterbury.

to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames[7], you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open Temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto[8], it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obscura;* on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular

[7] I wish he had made a full description of his garden and grounds, as Horace has done in his sixteenth Epistle. The Abbé Cap. de Chaupy has written a long dissertation concerning the spot where the Villa of Horace stood, which he fixes in the Valley of Licenza, belonging to the Prince Borghese, fourteen miles from Tivoli and five from Vico Varo.

[8] Dr. Johnson, who had no taste for rural scenes, nor knowledge of laying out grounds, speaks with an unreasonable contempt of this romantic grotto, and of the pains taken to embellish it. This is a clear and picturesque description of this celebrated spot. Our Poet's good taste in gardening was unquestionable. "For the honour of this art," Lord Bacon says, "a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."

forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches, one towards the river of smooth stones, full of light, and open; the other towards the Garden shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of:

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavare, tace[9].

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

[9] The simplicity of this ancient inscription is indeed eminently beautiful; so also is the following imitation of it by a late writer of true taste, and lover of the ancients:

SUB IMAGINE PANIS RUDI LAPIDE.

Hic stans vertice montium supremo
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus
Cerno desuper, uberemque sylvam.
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ
Te desiderium capit, roganti
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.
Quin si fraude mala quid hinc reportes,
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

You'll think I have been very poetical in this description[1], but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.

I am, etc.

Our author wrote the following lines on a grotto adorned with shell-work, at Crux Easton, Hants, which ought to be preserved:

Here shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces Art;
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

[1] I shall here insert two Letters to Sir Hans Sloane, on the ornaments of this grotto.

TO SIR HANS SLOANE.

SIR, Twickenham, March 30, 1742.

I am extremely obliged to you for your intended kindness of furnishing my grotto with that surprising natural curiosity, which indeed I have ardently sought some time. But I would much rather part with every thing of this sort, which I have collected, than deprive your most copious collection of one thing that may be wanting to it. If you can spare it, I shall be doubly pleased, in having it, and in owing it to you.

The farther favour you offer me, of a review of your curiosities, deserves my acknowledgment. Could I hope that among the minerals and fossils which I have gathered, there was any thing you could like, it would be esteemed an obligation (if you have time as the season improves) to look upon them and command any. I shall take the first favourable opportunity to inquire when it may be least inconvenient to wait on you, which will be a true satisfaction to, Sir,

Your most obliged,
And most humble Servant,
A. POPE.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out, by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I

TO SIR HANS SLOANE.

SIR, Twickenham, May 22, 1742.

I have many true thanks to pay you, for the two joints of the giant's causeway, which I found yesterday at my return to Twitnam, perfectly safe and entire. They will be a great ornament to my grotto, which consists wholly of natural productions, owing nothing to the chisel or polish; and which it would be much my ambition to entice you one day to look upon. I will first wait on you at Chelsea, and embrace with great pleasure the satisfaction you can better than any man afford me, of so extensive a view of Nature, in her most curious works. I am, with all respect,

Sir, Your most obliged,
And most humble Servant,
A. POPE.

am now well; so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas-fire, and exercising all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not, however, suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may rise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that, I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man; next in dignity, and

next in value. *Minuisti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us: discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth to the sons of the earth, your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following Year, 1726. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

From 1717 to 1727.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I have been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your[2] physicians. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our Doctors asses to them, we'll think them asses to our Doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a

[2] Asses.

few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give sixpence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean: so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you will make the better busto for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wdarton[3] forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness; in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never

[3] The person here mentioned was my father, a Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and afterward Professor of Poetry; who was an intimate friend of Mr. Digby, of whose piety and goodness of heart he used to relate many instances. *Gorboduc* was the first drama in our language that was like a regular tragedy. It was first exhibited in the Hall of the Temple, and afterward before Q. Elizabeth, 1561. It was written by Th. Sackvil, Lord Buckhurst; the original contriver of the *Mirror* of *Magistrates*. He was assisted in it by Thomas, a translator of some of the Psalms. Mr. Spence, who succeeded my father as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, printed an edition of Gorboduc, from this very Copy of Pope, 1736, with a dedication to his friend Lord Middlesex; a man of taste, and descendant of Lord Buckhurst. From this Letter of Pope it appears how little at that time was known of our ancient poets. For a full account of Gorboduc, see the *History* of English Poetry, vol. 3. page 536, by my brother Mr. Thomas Wdarton.

once saw, as those two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc[4].

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles' humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

To convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good-nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters

[4] I have been informed by Lord Macartney, that he had seen a Letter from this Lord Treasurer Buckhurst to Queen Elizabeth representing the great inconvenience and distance of his house at Buckhurst, forty miles from London, through strange, uncouth ways, and requesting a grant of Knowle, as being nearer town, and consequently more convenient to him for the duty of his office. So little communication was there, from place to place, at that time.

till a time, when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not; and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and diversified with conceits all over: you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching: the most we can hope is to be heard just with decency and patience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at! there indeed we stare, and roar, and clap hands for K. George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so ill-dressed, that men, women, and children, hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scan-

dalously among us: she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before: talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Nonjuror[5]. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleshill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town, I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you

[5] *Cibber* always insisted, that this comedy, founded on the admirable *Tartuffe* of *Moliere*, was the chief cause of our author's resentment against him. It met with great success on the stage.

and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties; indeed we cannot boast of good-breeding and the art of life, but yet we don't live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show, we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her: and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forbear telling you we indeed read the spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

You'll think me very full of myself, when after long silence (which however, to say truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forced, for want of time, to publish two only: the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I've also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other no great matter which) *dabit deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remembered

by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives' end.

I can't touch upon the subject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? My Lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham[6] is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nose-

[6] I cannot write verses, says *Voltaire*, in the 4th volume of his Letters, so well as *Pope*. But my house is better than his, and I keep a better table; thanks to the care and attention of Madame *Denis*. If the name of Voltaire has been frequently repeated in those volumes, it will be found on due examination, that his opinions have as frequently been censured as commended. It is as impossible to deny that he had great genius and wit, as it is not to lament the manner in which he too often used them. The French Republicans have of late contributed to lower his reputation among us, by daring to claim and to honour him as a Patron and Defender of their principles; when it was notorious that he was a lover of monarchy, duly moderated and rightly understood: and if he had lived to see the various miseries of his countrymen, would certainly, if we may judge from his writings, have exposed and condemned the cruelty and injustice they have been guilty of with his utmost energy and force.

gays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them: my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, my Tuscan porticos, or Ionic pilasters.

But (to descend from all this pomp of style) the best account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour (at this public house on the road) to drink her own cider.

The moment I am writing this, I am surprised with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jest! Buildings, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise! None of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two posts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was sick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any testimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as constantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troublesome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a most idle weak imagination to think I could so offend you. Of all the impressions you have made upon me, I never received any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be assured of some share of your affections.

I had many other pleasures from your letter; that your mother remembers me, is a very sincere joy to me: I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourselves obliged as those that have received one. This is indeed an old-fashioned respect, hardly to be found out of your house. I have great hopes, however, to see many old-fashioned virtues revive, since you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wish you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of seeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I should congratulate your having finished Homer, while the two essays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no

great trouble from finishing these, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have some faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here see round me. The verdure of showers is poured upon every tree and field about us; the gardens unfold variety of colours to the eye every morning; the hedges' breath is beyond all perfume, and the song of birds we hear as well as you. But though I hear and see all this, yet I think they would delight me more if you was here. I found the want of these at Twickenham while I was there with you, by which I guess what an increase of charms it must now have. How kind is it in you to wish me there, and how unfortunate are my circumstances that allow me not to visit you! If I see you, I must leave my father alone, and this uneasy thought would disappoint all my proposed pleasures; the same circumstances will prevent my prospect of many happy hours with you in Lord Bathurst's wood, and I fear of seeing you till winter, unless Lady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which case I shall press you to see Dorsetshire, as you proposed. May you have a long enjoyment of your new favourite Portico!

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

THE London language and conversation is, I find, quite changed since I left it, though it is not above

three or four months ago. No violent change in the natural world ever astonished a Philosopher so much as this does me. I hope this will calm all Party rage, and introduce more humanity than has of late obtained in conversation. All scandal will sure be laid aside, for there can be no such disease, any more as spleen in this new Golden age. I am pleased with the thoughts of seeing nothing but a general good humour when I come up to town; I rejoice in the universal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me, you was soon content; and that you cared not for such an increase as others wished you. By this account I judge you the richest man in the South-Sea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wish you only an increase of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

Your kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short Eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes (as those revelations do) a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style

of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, etc. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour, wait upon us as associates; thither may whole cargoes of nectar, (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called Spa-water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

> On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands crown'd,
> Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs, which your sisters promised to make for this purpose: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side and a green hat, the model of which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, or what poetry, can suffice to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubblers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, etc. etc. etc. *in sæcula sæculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of the sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage; in which I now leave you, and return (wretch that I am) to water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

I CONGRATULATE you[1], dear Sir, on the return of the Golden age; for sure this must be such, in which money is showered down in such abundance upon us. I hope this overflowing will produce great and good fruits, and bring back the figurative moral Golden age to us. I have some omens to induce me to believe it may; for when the Muses delight to be near a court, when I find you frequently with a First-minister, I can't but expect from such an intimacy an encouragement and revival of the polite arts. I know, you desire to bring them into honour, above the golden Image which is set up and worshipped; and, if you cannot effect it, adieu to all such hopes. You seem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour, would no more engage our passions in the pleasurable pursuit of them, though assisted by this increase: If so, and if monsters only as various as those of Nile arise from this abundance, who that has any spleen about him will not haste to town to laugh? What will become of the play-house? who will go thither while there is such entertainment in the streets? I hope we shall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well be thought barren of geniuses, for none has ever produced better subjects.

Your, etc.

[1] Written during the delusion of the famous South-Sea scheme.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Coleshill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I FIND in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit so much admired in old Rome, of sacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have suffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is said to be undone by it. But I hope, the reason is, that I do not see so evidently the ruin of the public to be a consequence of it, as I do the loss of my friends. I fear there are few besides yourself that will be persuaded by old Hesiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your sufferings[2]; since they have shewn me your mind is principled with such a sentiment, I assure you I expect from it a performance greater still than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could shew you to my eye in so much splendour. I would not indulge this fit of philosophy so far as to be tedious to you, else I could prosecute it with pleasure.

I long to see you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will say nothing of Lord Bathurst's wood, which I saw on my return hither. Soon after Christ-

[2] See Note on v. 139. of the second Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

mas I design for London, where I shall miss Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to stay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to suffer by this resolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cause. The man is cursed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can use it with pleasure to send my services to your good mother, and to write myself,

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

Doctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: She needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him; for (as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) "He is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him: He is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly in the right, that he forces

all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory), so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column, of all the fabric of friendship once so large, seemingly so strong; and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, etc.

LETTER XI.

I HAVE belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleased that I

am arrived in safety at Twickenham; though it is a sort of earnest that you will be troubled again with me at Sherburne, or Coleshill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them: I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprise a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, she will do herself before this letter reaches you: So I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do: Though I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the Clergy in the country come to pay respects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and the young Lady, farther business and farther employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one side of her the Lady Conningsby, and on the other Mr. W* . Yet I shall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her sake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man, than to content myself with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as sincere a sense of the word, his servant, as you are his son, or he your father.

I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and

desire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cider[3], and to tell Mr. W* that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robbed of their good name, a better name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they shall like best, for the sake of the man that bears it).

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I'm told, you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks in a letter to Lady Scu-

[3] He frequently expressed his total dislike of this poem; though its author was patronised by Bolingbroke, who also induced Philips to write the poem on *Blenheim*. Cider was elegantly translated into Latin verse by my amiable friend Mr. Phelps, Under Secretary of State to Lord Sandwich, whilst he was a Scholar at Winchester College, 1738.

damore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days, in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties that are to rise in those scenes: The palace that is to be built, the pavilions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble Owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, etc. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the wagons of war, were not more closely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be the witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee

supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess, to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with, as well as grieve), I could the better bear your absence from

London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither, from the first embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile upon your face. There is a Persian proverb that says (I think very prettily), "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense; that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entetainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an Assembly of empty heads, aking hearts and false faces). This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town, of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful servant.

LETTER XIV.

FROM MR. DIGBY.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I CAN'T return from so agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very strongly impressed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and shall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained, in your villa, when absent from it. As you are possessed of all the pleasures of the country, and as I think, of a right mind, what can I wish you but health to enjoy them? This I so heartily do, that I should be even glad to hear your good old mother might lose all her present pleasures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unnecessary.

I am troubled, and shall be so, till I hear you have received this letter: for you gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deserve that friendly warmth and affection with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and esteem for you: so truly, that I should lose the greatest pleasure of my life if I lost your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the class of honest men: for though I am not troubled over much about

the opinion most may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of by you and some few others. I will not doubt my own strength, yet I have this farther security to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your esteem with it.

Perpetual disorder and ill health have for some years so disguised me, that I sometimes fear I do not to my best friends enough appear what I really am. Sickness is a great oppressor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, stifling its warmth, and not suffering it to break out into action. But, I hope, I shall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that please me too, though not so well grounded: these are, that you may yet make a journey westward with Lord Bathurst; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reason, because I would not part with the pleasure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made sickness easy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the same manner that you have always done. I often too consider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connexion, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inseparable. I have, as you guess, many philosophical reveries in the shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius, applaud and strengthen all my sentiments that have honour in them. This good office, which you have often done me unknow-

ingly, I must acknowledge now, that my own breast may not reproach me with ingratitude, and disquiet me when I would muse again in that solemn scene. I have not room now left to ask you many questions I intended about the Odyssey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulysses on his journey, and how you have been entertained with him on the way? I desire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing else that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? How look the trees? How spring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? Hard names to spell! How did the poppies bloom? And how is the great room approved? What parties have you had of pleasure? What in the grotto? What upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours pass, all you say, and all you do; of which I should question you yet farther, but my paper is full and spares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, so my father desires to be, and every soul here whose name is Digby. My sister will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscover'd country, from whose bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for six or seven days—But here you have me now,

and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if fate should say (after the other dangerous illness), "You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: 'tis like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried, experienced friends, and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days, and have by a superior rectitude of heart set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? Transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's[4]. I am confident if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you

[4] Afterward Dutchess of Beaufort, at this time very young. P. She was afterward much talked of, for a particular intrigue.

out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if she can detain a parliament man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas[1], the seat of all earthly happiness, and the new Jerusalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: 'tis the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods, over the valleys; and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome: what would you have? The Moon shines too, though not for Lovers these cold nights, but for Astronomers.

Have you not reflecting Telescopes[2], whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least (for what I've said before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any eyes but theirs), stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking Sanhedrin, where wis-

[1] About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America. P.

[2] These instruments were just then brought to perfection. P.

dom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their servant, you know I am

Yours, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B*'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Riskins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggis of China[3], I have little or no ideas of them; but, I dare say, Lord B* has, because they were certainly both very great and very

[3] See Sir W. Temple's account of them, vol. 3, of his Essays; but above all, Sir W. Chambers's description of them, and the Heroic Epistle addressed to him.

wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and that she is just now sitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation[4] of the senses is repose; one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot; nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the Devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradise, it is such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes

[4] One of the few new words he ever used.

of your state known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

LETTER XVII.

December 28, 1724.

It is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins).

They tell me that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities and obsolete devotions are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian Cheerfulness (not incompatible with Christmas-pies and plumb-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and

almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually made some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women, and children, have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones; we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy, where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these are right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high-feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter was as clear to all men as it is to

Your affectionate, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandize our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! And, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our

lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

Mr. Digby died in the year 1726, and is buried in the Church of Sherburne in Dorsetshire, with an Epitaph written by the Author. P.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

From the Year 1716 to 1723.

LETTER I.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

December, 1716.

I RETURN your[1] Preface, which I have read twice with pleasure. The modesty and good sense there is in it, must please every one that reads it: And since there is nothing that can offend, I see not why you should balance a moment about printing it—always provided, that there is nothing said there which you may have occasion to unsay hereafter; of which you yourself are the best and the only judge. This is my sincere opinion, which I give, because you ask it: And which I would not give, though asked, but to a man I value as much as I do you; being sensible how improper it is, on many accounts, for me to interpose in things of this nature; which I never understood well, and now understand somewhat less than ever I did. But I can

[1] The general Preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, first printed 1717, the year after the date of this letter. P.

deny you nothing; especially since you have had the goodness often, and patiently, to hear what I have said against rhyme[2], and in behalf of blank verse; with little discretion perhaps, but, I am sure, without the least prejudice: Being myself equally incapable of writing well in either of those ways, and leaning therefore to neither side of the question, but as the appearance of reason inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years standing, and which therefore I shall be very loath to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I shall seldom differ from you: Or, if I do, shall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am, as much as I ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I HOPED to find you last night at Lord Bathurst's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him.

[2] In the dispute about the respective merits of rhyme and blank verse, Lord Kaimes seems to have observed with acuteness and judgment, that rhyme is but indifferently suited to elevated and sublime subjects, as producing a certain gaiety, airiness, and cheerfulness, not according with the gravity of the sentiments. In his 18th chapter of Elements of Criticism, are many just observations, with some exceptions, on the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verse, worth a diligent perusal.

I brought *Gorboduc*[3] with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he should see you, I deposited the book in his hands: Out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurst got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc should still miss his way to you, others are to answer for it: I have delivered up my trust. I am not sorry your Alcander[4] is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities. In truth, it is the only instance of that kind I ever met with, from a person good for any thing else, nay for every thing else to which he is pleased to turn himself.

Depend upon it, I shall see you with great pleasure at Bromley; and there is no request you can make to me, that I shall not most readily comply with. I wish you health and happiness of all sorts, and would be glad to be instrumental in any degree towards helping you to the least share of either. I am always, every where, most affectionately and faithfully

Your, etc.

[3] A Tragedy written in the Reign of Edward the Sixth (and much the best performance of that Age) by Sackvil, afterward Earl of Dorset, and Lord Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very scarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodsley in Pall-mall. P.

[4] An Heroic Poem, writ at 15 years old. P.

LETTER III.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

Bromley, Nov. 8, 1717.

I HAVE nothing to say to you on that melancholy subject, with an account of which the printed papers have furnished me, but what you have already said to yourself.

When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power, to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and assure you that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute any ways to your satisfaction or service.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I find to be revised, and augmented, in several places, as the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. When I see you next, I will shew you the several passages altered, and added by the author, beside what you have mentioned to me.

I protest to you, this last perusal of him has given me such new degrees, I will not say of pleasure, but of admiration and astonishment, that I look upon the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, with somewhat less reverence than I used to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to

shew me in the first of these any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin[5] and Death, either as to the greatness and justness of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring. What I looked upon as a rant of Barrow's[6], I now begin to think a serious truth, and could almost venture to set my hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum cecinisse putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

But more of this when we meet. When I left the town the D. of Buckingham continued so ill that he received no messages; oblige me so far as to let me know how he does; at the same time I shall know how you do, and that will be a double satisfaction to

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

THE ANSWER.

My Lord, Nov. 20, 1717.

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my Father's death, and the desire you express that

[5] Though Addison censures the introduction of such an allegory in an epic poem, yet at the same time he highly extols the bold and sublime imagery it contains. Lord Kaimes joins with Voltaire and the French Critics, as might be expected, in condemning it. They fastidiously call it nauseous and disgusting.

[6] What would Atterbury have thought of the gross misrepresentations and tasteless censures of his acquaintance Voltaire on Milton, had he lived to have read the article, Epopée, in the Questions sur l' Encyclopedie, in which he says, "Les Grecs recommandoient aux poetes de sacrifier aux *Graces;* Milton a sacrifié au *Diable?*" I have never met with a French writer, or a Frenchman, that had any true taste for Milton.

I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*— and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: At least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other, and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: This I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *renounce* the other.

Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James the Second: I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read[7]. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I may have talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less Inclination (if possible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I begun my life where most people end theirs, with a

[7] This is an admirable picture of every Reader busied in religious controversy, without possessing the *principles* on which a right judgment of the points in question is to be regulated. W.

dis-relish of all that the world calls Ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no farther than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: And where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British Constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic: And not a King of Whigs [8], or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties. You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher: This is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *ad Populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever

Your, etc.

[8] Happy if this sentiment was universally adopted!

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 1720.

I HOPE you have some time ago received the Sulphur, and the two volumes of Mr. Gray, as instances (how small ones soever) that I wish you both health and diversion. What I now send for your perusal I shall say nothing of; not to forestall by a single word what you promised to say upon that subject. Your Lordship may criticise from Virgil to these Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyssop. I have some cause, since I last waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wise enough to go thither to consult you: The fate of the South-Sea scheme has, much sooner than I expected, verified what you told me. Most people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a Thief in the Night;* exactly as it happens in the case of our death. Methinks God has punished the avaricious, as he often punishes sinners, in their own way, in the very sin itself. The thirst of gain was their crime; that thirst continued became their punishment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain, with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble servant), I would have them sensible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, who, after half of his estate was

swallowed by the *Directors* of those days, resolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole.*

Does not the fate of these people put you in mind of two passages, one in Job, the other from the Psalmist?

Men shall groan out of the CITY, *and hiss them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awaking have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the universal poverty, which is the consequence of universal avarice, and which will fall hardest upon the guiltless and industrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The universal deluge of the S. Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men: But it is some comfort to me that I am not one of them, even though I were to survive and rule the world by it. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he says the government and South-Sea company have only locked up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunacy (as is usual in the case of Lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.

The latter part of your letter does me so much honour and shews me so much kindness, that I must both be proud and pleased, in a great degree; but I assure you, my Lord, much more the last than the first. For I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, which truly respects you, that there may be a ground for your partiality, one way; but I find not

the least symptoms in my head, of any foundation for the other.

In a word, the best reason I know for my being pleased is, that you continue your favour toward me; the best I know for being proud would be, that you might cure me of it; for I have found you to be such a physician, as does not only *repair*, but *improve*. I am with the sincerest esteem, and most grateful acknowledgment,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I received not till Monday night, together with your letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of the gout upon me ever since I returned hither from Westminster on Saturday night last; it has found its way into my hands as well as legs, so that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the first letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully says, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illness. What I said to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I see you, you shall. I hope you may be at the Deanery towards the end of October, by which time I think of settling there for the winter. What do you think of some such short inscription as this

in Latin, which may, in a few words, say all that is to be said of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deserves?

IOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SI QVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. etc.

To shew you that I am as much in earnest in the affair as you yourself, something I will send you too of this kind in English. If your design holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his busto above —may not lines like these be graved just under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just,
Here fix'd his Name, and there his laurel'd Bust.
What else the Muse in Marble might express,
Is known already; Praise would make him less.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praise is impertinent; and Censure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at least, though it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read it over, I'll forgive you, if you should not once in your lifetime again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales.* Ill as I have been almost ever since they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I shall read while I live[1]. Indeed they do not please my taste; they

[1] How contemptuously soever the Bishop thought of those Tales, yet was Addison very fond of them, and we know how beautifully he imitated them.

are writ with so romantic an air, and allowing for the difference of eastern manners, are yet, upon any supposition that can be made, of so wild and absurd a contrivance (at least to my northern understanding), that I have not only no pleasure, but no patience, in perusing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian screens, which at first glance may surprize and please a little: but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear so extravagant, disproportioned, and monstrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him seek for relief from some other object.

They may furnish the mind with some new images: but I think the purchase is made at too great an expense: for to read those two volumes through, likeing them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and to read them with pleasure would be dangerous on the other side, because of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen relish of them, till I find you write worse than you do, which I dare say I never shall. Who that *Petit de la Croix* is, the pretended author of them[2], I cannot

[2] Not the *pretended Author*, but the real Translator, of an Arabic MS. in the French King's library. What he has given in ten small Volumes, is not more than the tenth part of the Original. The Eastern people have been always famous for this sort of Tales: in which much fine morality is often conveyed; not indeed in a story always representing real life and manners, but what the eastern superstitions have made pass for such amongst the people. Their great genius for this kind of writing appears from what the Translator has here given us—But the policy of some of the latter princes of the East greatly hurt the elegance and use of the composition, by setting all men upon composing in this way, to furnish matter for their coffee-houses and public places of re-

tell: but observing how full they are in the descriptions of dress, furniture, etc. I cannot help thinking them the product of some Woman's imagination: and believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am sorry that I was so true a prophet in respect of the S. Sea; sorry, I mean, as far as your loss is concerned: for in the general I ever was and still am of opinion, that had that project taken root and flourished, it would by degrees have overturned our constitution. Three or four hundred millions was such a weight, that which soever way it had leaned must have borne down all before it—But of the dead we must speak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden says somewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

sort; which were enjoined to entertain their customers with a rehearsal of these works, in order to divert them from politics, and matters of state. The collection in question is so strange a medley of sense and nonsense, that one would be tempted to think it the compilation of some coffee-man, who gathered indifferently from good and bad. The contrivance he has invented of tying them together is so blunderingly conducted, that after such an instance of the want of common sense, one can wonder at no absurdity we find in them. The tales are supposed to be told to one of the Kings of Persia of the Dynasty of the Sassanides, an ancient race before Mahomet, and yet the scene of some of them is laid in the Court of *Harown Alrascid* the 26th Chalif, and the 5th of the Race of the *Abasides*. These, where the scene is so laid, are amongst the best; and it may be easily accounted for. *Alrascid* was one of the most magnificent of the Chalifs, and the greatest encourager of Letters; so that it was natural for men of Genius in after-times, to do this honour to his memory.—But the Bishop talks of Petit de la Croix. M. Galland was the translator of the *Arabian Tales*. The name of the other is to the collection called the *Persian Tales*, of which I have nothing to say. W.

Let me add one reflection, to make you easy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have lost beyond what you ventured, consider that your superfluous gains would have sprung from the ruin of several families that now want necessaries! A thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by such means, could not, I persuade myself, be perfectly easy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

You are not yourself gladder you are well than I am; especially since I can please myself with the thought that when you had lost your health elsewhere, you recovered it here. May these lodgings never treat you worse, nor you at any time have less reason to be found of them!

I thank you for the sight of your[3] Verses, and with the freedom of an honest, though perhaps injudicious friend, must tell you, that though I could like some of them, if they were any body's else but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be owned as such, I can scarce like any of them. Not but that the four first lines are good, especially the second couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give repu-

[3] Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

tation to a writer of a less established fame: but from you I expect something of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourself: 'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, and to be tempted by that means to be more careless, than you would otherwise be in your composures.

Thus much I could not forbear saying, though I have a motion of consequence in the House of Lords to-day, and must prepare for it. I am even with you for your ill paper; for I write upon worse, having no other at hand. I wish you the continuance of your health most heartily: and am ever

Your, etc.

I have sent Dr. Arbuthnot the Latin[4] MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am so angry at the writer for his design, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear sending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reasoner of that philosophic farce is a *Gallo-Ligur*, as he is

[4] Written by Huetius, Bishop of Avranches. He was a mean reasoner; as may be seen by a vast collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he called a *Demonstration;* mixed up with much reading, which his friends called Learning; and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he composed a treatise *Of the Weakness of the Human Understanding:* a poor system of scepticism; indeed little other than an abstract of *Sextus Empiricus.* W.

A much more useful undertaking was his directing and superintending the Dauphin edition of the Classics. The commentary on his own life is entertaining.

called—what that means in English or French, I can't say—but all he says, is in so loose and slippery and trickish a way of reasoning, that I could not forbear applying the passage of Virgil to him,

> Vane Ligus, frustraque animis elate superbis!
> Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes——

To be serious, I hate to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which says nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of distrusting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falsehood can in any case be distinguished from each other. Could that blessed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to say it can), we should then be in the most uncomfortable and wretched state in the world; and I would in that case be glad to exchange my Reason, with a dog for his Instinct, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. CHANCELLOR HARCOURT TO MR. POPE.

December 6, 1722.

I CANNOT but suspect myself of being very unreasonable in begging you once more to review the inclosed. Your friendship draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderness makes me exceeding hard to be satisfied with any thing which can be said on such an unhappy subject. I caused the Latin Epitaph to be as often altered before I could approve it.

When once your Epitaph is set up, there can be no alteration of it; it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendship, and I assure myself, you will so settle it, that it shall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will justly admit of that construction which it ought to bear, (viz.) renounced, deserted, etc. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion of having an ill sense put upon it, as too great uneasiness, or more good-nature, than a wise man ought to have. I very well remember you told me, you could scarce mend those two lines, and therefore I can scarce expect your forgiveness for my desiring you to reconsider them.

Harcourt stands dumb, and Pope is forc'd to speak.

I can't perfectly, at least without farther discoursing you, reconcile myself to the first part of that line; and, the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and, I persuade myself, for that reason only submitted to by you) seems to carry too doubtful a construction for an Epitaph, which, as I apprehend, ought as easily to be understood as read. I shall acknowledge it as a very particular favour, if at your best leisure you will peruse the inclosed and vary it, if you think it capable of being amended, and let me see you any morning next week.

I am, etc.

LETTER IX.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER TO MR. POPE.

September 21, 1721.

I AM now confined to my bed-chamber, and to the matted room wherein I am writing, seldom venturing to be carried down even into the parlour to dinner, unless when company, to whom I cannot excuse myself, comes, which I am not ill pleased to find is now very seldom. This is my case in the sunny part of the year: what must I expect, when

inversum contristat Aquarius annum?

"if these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Excuse me for employing a sentence of Scripture on this occasion; I apply it very seriously. One thing relieves me a little under the ill prospect I have of spending my time at the Deanery this winter; that I shall have the opportunity of seeing you oftener; though, I am afraid, you will have little pleasure in seeing me there. So much for my ill state of health, which I had not touched on, had not your friendly Letter been so full of it. One civil thing, which you say in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller[5]; and possessed of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not bestowed it on one who

[5] Whom the Bishop so happily imitated in his lines on *Flavia's Fan.*

has no right to the least part of the character. If you have not read the verses lately, I am sure you remember them because you forget nothing.

> With such a grace you entertain,
> And look with such contempt on pain, etc.

I mention them not upon account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words *(appear* and *clear)* that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus,

> So lightnings in a stormy air,
> Scorch more than when the sky is fair.

You will say that I am not very much in pain, nor very busy, when I can relish these amusements, and you will say true; for at present I am in both these respects very easy.

I had not strength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave[6], else I would have done it, to have shewn his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he desired, at the feet of Spenser, and I will take care to make good in every respect what I said to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own

[6] There are four or five Letters of the Bishop to *Prior*, in Nicol's Collection, full of affection and regard. One, in a vein of irony, containing a pleasing compliment on his *Solomon and Alma*. Another (vol. ii. p. 58.) abounding in hacknied quotations from Virgil: which I mention on account of a wonderful, unscholar-like comparison of a line of Virgil and Homer; the former of which he prefers,—dum spiritus *hos* regit artus,—to the φίλα γούνατα of Homer; *friendly* knees, he says, whereas φίλα signifies no more than *sua* genua, or than *hos* joined to artus. Two

Epitaph; which, while we were in good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.

I am pleased to find you have so much pleasure, and (which is the foundation of it) so much health at Lord Bathurst's: May both continue till I see you! May my Lord have as much satisfaction in building the house in the wood, and using it when

severe Epigrams against Atterbury have been ascribed to Prior, and are both inserted in the late collection of his works.

" Meek Francis lies here, Friend. Without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law:
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be found
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you, without right, on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead."

The other was occasioned by the funeral of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Prior survived but a few months.

" I have no hopes," the Duke he says, and dies;
" In sure and certain hopes," the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned Peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an Infidel confest,
" He's our dear Brother," quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, though Knave, still "Brother dear," he cries,
And who can say, the Reverend Prelate lies?

There cannot be a stronger proof of Atterbury's restless and ambitious temper, than is exhibited in the Letter written to him by his Father, 1690, in vol. i. of Nicols's Collection, p. 11. In the British Museum, there is one Letter of Pope to Prior, in commendation of his Poem, entitled Damon, a little piece of true humour.

built, as you have in designing it! I cannot send a wish after him that means him more happiness, and yet, I am sure, I wish him as much as he wishes himself.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

FROM THE SAME.

Bromley, October 15, 1721.

NOTWITHSTANDING I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning: yet, I foresee, it will not reach you till Wednesday morning. And before set of sun that day I hope to reach my winter-quarters at the Deanery. I hope, did I say? I recall that word, for it implies desire; and, God knows, that is far from being the case. For I never part with this place but with regret, though I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worst of company in the world, my own; and see either none beside, or what is worse than none, some of the *Arrii*, or *Sebosi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints so well in one of his Epistles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named those gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you, give you the pleasure of perusing the epistle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am surprized to find that my Lord Bathurst and

you are parted so soon; he has been sick, I know, of some late transactions; but should that sickness continue still in some measure, I prophesy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: A letter or two from his London-friends, and a surfeit of solitude, will soon make him change his resolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleasure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or some such trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, absolutely require, my attendance at Westminster; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candlestick. In short, I long to see you, and hope you will come, if not a day, at least an hour sooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that satisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk scarce at all without crutches: And would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worse, but that is a vain thought. I expect a new attack long before Christmas. Let me see you therefore while I am in a condition to relish you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I shall (and must) say, I have no pleasure in them.

I will bring your small volume of Pastorals along with me, that you may not be discouraged from lending me books, when you find me so punctual in returning them. Shakspear shall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, though you, I think, have been

dabbling here and there with the text; I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every thing standing just as I found it. However, I thank you for the pleasure you have given me in putting me upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I shall scarce repeat that pleasure any more, having other work to do, and other things to think of, but none that will interfere with the offices of friendship, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I hope to live and die

Your, etc.

P. S. Addison's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by[7] a dead man to[8] a dead man; and even that the new[9] patron, to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it. You see, when I am conversing with you, I know not how to give over, till the very bottom of the paper admonishes me once more to bid you adieu!

[7] Mr. Addison. [8] Mr. Craggs. [9] Lord Warwick.

LETTER XI.

My Lord, Feb. 8, 1721-2.

It is so long since I had the pleasure of an hour with your Lordship, that I should begin to think myself no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding myself so in my constant thoughts of you. In those I was with you many hours this very day, and had you (where I wish and hope one day to see you really) in my gardens at Twitnam. When I went last to town, and was on wing for the Deanery, I heard your Lordship was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I sincerely wish you whatever you wish yourself, and all you wish your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is just to tell you so, till in person I find you as I desire, that is, find you well: Easy, resigned, and happy, you will make yourself, and (I believe) every body that converses with you; if I may judge of your power over other men's minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over those of

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

Permit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to desire of you a complete copy of these

Verses on Mr. Addison[1]; send me also your last resolution, which shall punctually be observed in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again solicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the same answer as formerly. No small piece of your writing has been ever sought after so much; It has pleased every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed. For my part I should be so glad to see you finish something of that kind, that I could be content to be a little sneered at in a line or so, for the sake of the pleasure I should have in reading the rest. I have talked my sense of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may see it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot say: But it pleases me to have an opportunity of shewing you how well I wish you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I desire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing to which you will please to turn your pen. Not but that I have some little interest in the proposal, as I shall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in such different manners, and did such honour to his country and language; and yet was not displeased sometimes to read what was written by his humble servant.

[1] An imperfect copy was got out, very much to the Author's surprise, who never would give any. P.
This Mr. *Spence* doubted.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: For I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your Lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it: But I don't wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two: For hitherto I have not been your Visitor, but your Lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me) but the best reason,

the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-Sea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled anew by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same: Who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live foolishly as if I were a Great man.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

As a visitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination soever), you are always welcome to me; and will be more so, I hope, every day that we live: For, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myself, best when we have both of us least business. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the stations in which I was placed: But God, that knows my heart, knows I never loved it; and am still less in love with it than ever, as I find less temptation to act with any hope of success. If I am good for any thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello;* and yet a good part of my time has

been spent, and perhaps must be spent far otherwise. For I will never, while I have health, be wanting to my duty in my post, or in any respect, how little soever I may like my employment, and how hopeless soever I may be in the discharge of it.

In the mean time the judicious world is pleased to think that I delight in work which I am obliged to undergo, and aim at things which I from my heart despise; let them think as they will, so I might be at liberty to act as I will, and spend my time in such a manner as is most agreeable to me. I cannot say I do so now, for I am here without any books, and if I had them could not use them to my satisfaction, while my mind is taken up in a more melancholy[2] manner; and how long, or how little a while, it may be so taken up God only knows, and to his will I implicitly resign myself in every thing.

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

My Lord, March 19, 1721-2.

I am extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among the thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very cer-

[2] In his Lady's last sickness. W.

tain of your good will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion).

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the Fa-

thers of the Desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers, that you'll receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work[3])[4]

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his Pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C** or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church),

Your obedient, etc.

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach, to write to you: The gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to

[3] The *Paradise Regain'd*. I suppose this was in compliment to the Bishop. It could never be his own opinion. W.

[4] The superlative sublimity of the Paradise Lost has eclipsed the milder beauties of Paradise Regained: For beauties it has, and in no small abundance.

flatter myself sometimes with the thought that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy——however not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing, but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: For I'll see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at their doors: When they want me, I shall be sure to hear them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-shew. I have said to Greatness[5] sometime ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level; and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: For he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride; and then

[5] Was the good Bishop really cured of all ambitious views at this time?

I'll court them as much as any body: But till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are; though I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I sat down to write I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge; I am preparing for it: For I am at this moment building a vault in the Abbey, for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abbey, because of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of.

I know not but I may step to town to-morrow, to see how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking[6] (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us.

Your, etc.

[6] This is a peevish sentiment; surely more privileges were left; or rather, what privileges were taken away?

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferry-men were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleasing impression upon me that will not soon be effaced.

Lord * has pressed me terribly to see him at *, and told me, in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it: and must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliment. You know the Motto of my sun-dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal,

that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one day shall have their share of it another; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the single point I now aim at: though, I know the generality of the world who are acquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myself; when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease; else I should not have overflowed at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seeems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I, for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thrush, have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold on me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

June 15, 1722.

You have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my enquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and delivered my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes[7]. I shall not press

[7] Dr. Johnson thought differently about this Tragedy; written evidently and happily in the style and manner of *Æschylus*; and said, "that it was deficient in both requisites of a *true* Aristotelic *middle*. Its intermediate parts have neither *cause* nor *consequence*; neither *hasten*, nor *retard*, the *catastrophe*." To which opinion the judicious Mr. Twining accedes. What Dr. Warburton said of it is wonderfully ridiculous; that Milton "chose the sub-

you as to time, but some time or other I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day I know is not to be got over.

I am, etc.

LETTER. XIX.

July 27.

I HAVE been as constantly at Twitenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord

ject for the sake of the satire on bad wives;" and that the subjects of this tragedy, and Paradise Lost, were not very different, "the fall of two heroes by a woman." *Milton*, in this drama, has given an example of every *species* of *measure* which the English language is capable of exhibiting; not only in the *Choruses*, but in the Dialogue part. The chief parts of the *Dialogue* (though there is a great variety of measure in the *Choruses* of the Greek Tragedies) are in Iambic verse. I recollect but three places in which *Hexameter* verses are introduced in the Greek Tragedies, once in the *Trachiniæ*, once in the *Philoctetes* of *Sophocles*, and once in the *Troades* of Euripides. Voltaire wrote an opera on this subject of Samson, 1732, which was set to music by Rameau, but was never performed. He has inserted Choruses to Venus and Adonis; and the piece finishes by introducing Samson, actually pulling down the Temple, on the stage, and crushing all the Assembly, which Milton has flung into so fine a narration; and the Opera is ended by Samson's saying, "J'ai reparé ma honte, et j'expire en vainqueur." And yet this was the man that dared to deride the irregularities of Shakspeare.

Bathurst. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanery, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human Glory.—

The Dutchess's[s] letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without disguise: I must keep clear of Flattery; I will, and as this is an honest resolution, I dare hope your Lordship will not be so unconcerned for my keeping it, as not to assist me in so doing. I beg therefore you would represent thus much at least to her Grace, that as to the fear she seems touched with [That the Duke's memory should have no advantage but what he must give himself, without being beholden to any one friend], your Lordship may certainly, and agreeable to your character, both of rigid honour and Christian plainness, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offsprings of friends in such a case pass for nothing. Be but so good as to confirm what I've represented to her, that an inscription in the ancient way, plain, pompous, yet modest, will be the most uncommon, and therefore the most distinguishing manner of doing it. And so, I hope, she will be satisfied, the Duke's honour be preserved, and my integrity also: which is too sacred a thing to be forfeited, in consideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) Honour or distinction whatever, which those of their rank can bestow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to overrate, but never so much as when

[s] The Dutchess of Buckingham. W.

they imagine us under any obligation to say one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind transition you make from common business, to that which is the only real business of every reasonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, though not so much as I ought. I am pleased with those Latin verses extremely, which are so very good that I thought them yours, till you called them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *disjecta membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am so totally in those sentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: you tell me I have them, as the civilest method to put me in mind how much it fits me to have them. I ought, first, to prepare my mind by a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the Moralists, etc. before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books, and sublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendship and charity toward me continue so far) be the best guide to

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I HAVE written to the Dutchess[9] just as you desired, and referred her to our meeting in town for a farther

[9] Dutchess of Buckingham. W.

account of it. I have done it the rather because your opinion in the case is sincerely mine: and if it had not been so, you yourself should not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far, she will acquiesce in it, I cannot say, especially in a case where she thinks the Duke's honour concerned; but should she seem to persist a little at present, her good sense (which I depend upon) will afterwards satisfy her that we are in the right.

I go to-morrow to the Deanery, and, I believe, I shall stay there, till I have said dust to dust, and shut up that[1] last scene of pompous vanity[2].

[1] This was the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Bishop officiated as Dean of Westminster, in Aug. 1722. P.

[2] His portrait has been elegantly drawn by Lord Chesterfield. "Of all the men I ever knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called parts; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James II.'s Queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was Ensign of the Guards, the Dutchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles II. struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a-year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortunes. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his wars, to con-

'Tis a great while for me to stay there at this time of year: and I know I shall often say to myself, while I am expecting the funeral,

> O Rus, quando [3] ego te aspiciam! quandoque licebit
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In that case I shall fancy I hear the ghost of the dead, thus intreating me,

> At tu sacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
> Ossibus et capiti inhumato
> Particulam dare——
> Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit,
> Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an answer for me somewhere in *Hamlet* to this request, which you remember, though I don't.

nect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headednesses. Whatever Court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures."

[3] This Letter, as indeed are many of them, is crowded, even to affectation, with very trite quotations from Horace and Virgil. The Bishop appears to have been rather a polite than profound Scholar. One of his best compositions is a Preface to *Waller's* Poems, written 1690; in which is a rational and powerful defence of Blank Verse, and one of the earliest encomiums on the Paradise Lost; which HE, and not Lord SOMERS, had the great merit of procuring to be printed in folio by subscription. He wrote a large part of *Boyle's* Dissertation on Phalaris, against *Bentley;* but complained afterwards of the coldness and ingratitude with which his labours, on this occasion, were treated by Mr. *Boyle.* This complaint probably arose from his having expected, from his sanguine temper, more than was his due. His Sermons, according to Dr. Blair, have been too much praised for purity of style. Never was there a more complete victory than was gained over him by Bp. *Hoadly*, for his perverse and groundless interpretation of the text, "If in this life only we have hope, we

Poor Ghost! thou shalt be satisfied——or something like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me some amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I should always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina: vive, valeque.

You are the first man I sent to this morning, and the last man I desire to converse with this evening, though at twenty miles distance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

LETTER XXI.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10, 1725.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship both before and since my misfortunes. A little time

are of all men most miserable." *Hoadly* also powerfully attacked him on the doctrine of *Passive Obedience;* a doctrine so singularly absurd, as scarce indeed to merit a serious refutation. In allusion to Hoadly's *lameness*, who so frequently attacked Atterbury, it was said,

Raro antecedentem Scelestum
Deseruit *pede Pœna claudo.*

No two men were ever of more diametrically opposite *tempers*, as well as *principles*, than *Hoadly* and *Atterbury;* the former all calmness and tranquillity, the latter all vehemence and fire.

will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my Defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of Triumph, though sure of the Victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider—You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter, with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not

without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt[4], but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and *Providence* his Guide.

LETTER XXII.

THE ANSWER.

April 20, 1723.

It is not possible to express what I think[5], and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest

[4] He repeated these lines to some of the upper Scholars of Westminster School, who went to visit him in the Tower.

[5] Whatever our Author's opinion might be, it is now but too manifest, from the curious collection of the Bishop's Letters, published by Mr. *J. Nichols*, 1783, in three volumes 8vo. particularly in pages 148 and 167 of vol. i. that he was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the Pretender. In these volumes are many entertaining Letters to M. *Thiriot*, the intimate friend of *Voltaire*, in the last edition of whose works, are above a hundred Letters to this M. *Thiriot*, who was allowed to dine with Voltaire every day, during his imprisonment in the Bastile, for six months, 1725: just before Voltaire came to England, where he was so well received, and got a very large and liberal subscription to his *Henriade*, and lived much with Lord Peterborough and Lord Bolingbroke. I will take occasion to add, that *Thiriot* was in correspondence for thirty years with the great King of *Prussia*, but never received from that Monarch any thing *but compliments*. In one of these Letters, Atterbury observes to Thiriot, that the Abbé du Bos, in his Reflections on Poetry and Painting, furnished Voltaire with the hint of his Poem on the Ligue. Vol. i. p. 179.

comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you: that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorize it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world where you may be, where the very whisper or even the wish of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected. By this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it.

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice; the instruments of your Fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourably filled. Think of Tully, Bacon,

and Clarendon[6]: Is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by Party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in Exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think, are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And

[6] Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace; and the best of Cicero's after his return from exile. W.

every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me, the impressions of you: and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

May 17, 1723.

ONCE more[7] I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear, will be the last! the curtain will

[7] There is an anecdote, so uncommon and remarkable, lately mentioned in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of the Earl of Chesterfield, and which he gives in the very words of that celebrated nobleman, that I cannot forbear repeating it in this place:—"I went," said Lord Chesterfield, "to Mr. Pope, one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him upon his table; and, as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him, jocosely, if he was going to write an answer to it? It is a present, said he, or rather a legacy, from my old friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. After the first compliments, the Bishop said to me, 'My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile,

soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night.

it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by it.'—'Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?'—'I do.'—'If you do, my Lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that Book all the former part of your life?'—The Bishop replied, 'We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the Book: I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do so too, and so, God bless you!' —Charity and justice call on us, not hastily to credit so marvellous a tale, without the strongest testimony for its truth. And, for the sake of justice, I here insert a Letter, from a very respectable man, which I received on this subject.

"Rev. Sir, South Moulton, Devonshire, May 28, 1782.

"You will be surprised at this address from a person who hath not the honour of being known to you, even by name; but the occasion of my writing will, I trust, plead for my freedom.

"I have this week had the long-wished-for satisfaction of reading your . . . . . Essay on the Works of Pope. *Mine* will add nothing to the applause, which your writings have received from readers of taste and judgment. But the design of this Letter is not to pay you a compliment. You need it not: And I have something to communicate to you, which I am sure you will be better pleased with.

"In quoting a certain 'uncommon anecdote,' respecting Bishop Atterbury, from Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield, you very candidly acknowledge that it ought not to be credited too hastily. When I first read it in the Work from whence you have extracted it, I was much startled at it: But recollecting from *what* source it issued, I was led to suspect its truth. The story is a very insidious one: and perfectly in Lord Chesterfield's manner!—It is airy, and gay, and arch: But no disguise can cover an Infidel's malignity. I would not judge hastily of any man's motives; nor call the veracity of any man in question without the clearest evidence. But it is on the clearest evidence, and with the fullest conviction, that I scruple not to pronounce this story, concerning Bishop Atterbury's infidelity, to be groundless.

May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed

" The anecdote relates, that this remarkable conversation between Atterbury and Pope took place *but a few days* before the Bishop went into exile; whereas it appears from a Letter, dated *nine months before* this event, that the Bishop had, with equal piety and generosity, interested himself so far in the spiritual welfare of his friend Mr. Pope, as to recommend to him the study of the Holy Scriptures; and softening his zeal by his urbanity, had so won on the esteem and affection of Pope, as to draw from him the most grateful and liberal acknowledgments. The Letter I refer to is the 19th, of the collection of those between Atterbury and Pope. At the conclusion is the following very remarkable passage: ' I ought *first*,' says Mr. Pope, ' to prepare my mind for a better knowledge, *even* of good profane writers, especially the moralists, etc. etc. *before* I can be worthy of tasting *that supreme of books*, and *sublime of all writings*, in which (as in all the intermediate ones) *you* may, if your friendship and charity towards me continue so far, be the *best guide* to Yours, etc.'

" This Letter bears date July 27, 1722: The Bishop did not go into exile till nearly three quarters of a year afterwards. The last Letter of Pope to that Bishop previous to his exile, is dated April 20, 1723. It must have been about this time that Pope paid him a visit in the Tower: But whether *such* a conversation took place as hath been pretended, may be safely, for the Bishop's credit, submitted to the determination of every man of common sense, after reading the above extract.

" I communicated these hints last winter to my very esteemed friend Mr. Moore, one of the Canons of the Church of Exeter, and he wished me to communicate them to the Public, in order to check the insolence of certain gentlemen, who, arrogating all the good sense in the world to themselves, would insinuate that a man of genius, if he professes to be a Christian, must be a Hypocrite! I had an intention of complying with Mr. Moore's request; but a variety of other engagements put it quite out of my head, till the remembrance was recalled by your publication. I would not presume to dictate to you: Your better judgment will decide whether it would be proper for you to take notice of those hints, and to mould them into a form that may be worthy of the public eye, in the next edition of your ingenious Essay.

is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Posterity: and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life, but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toils and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of Ambition, and the dirt and

My motive in thus simply offering them to your notice, arose from an honest wish to remove *unmerited* obloquy from the dead.

"I should sincerely rejoice if it was in my power to remove, with equal ease and success, the cloud which, in some other respects, still obscures the lustre of the Bishop's memory.

"I have the honour to be, with great esteem,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"S. BADCOCK."

bubbles of Avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a Party or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business, and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life[8], as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects.

[8] The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris, on the fifteenth day of February in the year 1732. P.

Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

You will wonder to see me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, called upon me to say something; and the reputation of an[9] history[1] which I and all the world value, must have suffered, had I continued silent. I have printed it here, in hopes that somebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithstanding those two frightening words at the close of[2] it. Whether that

[9] E. of Clarendon's. W.

[1] Dr. *John Burton*, Fellow of Eton College, published a complete vindication of the authenticity of this invaluable History of *Clarendon;* a history written with almost unparalleled dignity of style and manner; though perhaps, in some instances, leaning to a partiality for the character of his unfortunate, but unwise, Master. It has been very lately proved, that there were some omissions made in the Oxford edition of this History.

[2] The Bishop's Name set to his Vindication of Bishop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himself, from the scandalous Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's History. Paris, 1731, 4to. since reprinted in England. P.

happens or not, it is fit you should have a sight of it, who, I know, will read it with some degree of satisfaction, as it is mine, though it should have (as it really has) nothing else to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus morientis habeto;* for that may well be the case, considering that within a few months I am entering into my seventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wise, much desire it. Whenever I go, you will lose a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumstances I can be said to be lost to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilst living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morice, and wondered a little that I did not; but he owns himself in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiss that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promised more than I was able to perform. Disgraced men fancy sometimes that they preserve an influence, where, when they endeavour to exert it, they soon see their mistake. I did so, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You sounded the coast, and found out my error, it seems, before I was aware of it: but enough on this subject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of letters: and particularly what are you doing? *Ipse quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you pursue the Moral plan you marked out, and seemed sixteen years ago[3] so intent upon? Am I to

[3] So that the plan for the Essay on Man was laid 1729.

see it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? Or do you rather choose to leave the marks of your friendship, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by those who survive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I should hope to peep into the manuscript before it was finished. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be, a great deal of land and sea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed, to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to mispend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation; They are not of so much worth perhaps in themselves as those which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reason. I do so, my dear friend, and yet think the most precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a satisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore must betake myself to others less entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was necessary for me either to accept of his dirty challenge, or to have suffered in the esteem of the world by declining it.

My respects to your Mother: I send one of these

papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this distance seems to me a strange sight, I know not how it appears to you, who are in the midst of the scene, and yourself a part of it; I wish you would tell me. You may write safely to Mr. Morice, by the honest hand that conveys this, and will return into these parts before Christmas; sketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I should not, like the Chemist in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, desire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes; even that part of the constitution which wounded me unjustly, and itself through my side, shall ever be dear to me. My last wish shall be like that of Father Paul, *Esto perpetua!* And when I die at a distance from it, it will be in the same manner as Virgil describes the expiring Peloponnesian,

Sternitur——et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

Do I still live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-squabbles about me, and am glad to see such free concessions on that head, though made with no view of doing me a pleasure, but merely of loading another.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I AM not yet master enough of myself, after the late wound I have received, to open my very heart to you, and I am not content with less than that, whenever I converse with you. My thoughts are at present vainly, but pleasingly employed, on what I have lost, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reason, to call them off to other subjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and suffering them to spend their force, I hope in some time to check and subdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculsus, huic uni me imparem sensi, et pene succubui.* This is weakness, not wisdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be trusted to the bosom of a friend, where I may safely lodge all my infirmities. As soon as my mind is in some measure corrected and calmed, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to something of use and moment; if I have still life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preserving. In the mean time I shall be pleased to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any such melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill

accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: use them in writing somewhat that may teach the present and future times, and if not gain equally the applause of both, may yet raise the envy of the one, and secure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things[4]; but choose a subject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody else can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

——gelidus tardante senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I should be ingrateful to this place, if I did not own that I have gained upon the gout in the south of France, much more than I did at Paris: though even there I sensibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earnest desire of meeting One I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Toulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not, with great spirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was

[4] It is to be wished that our Author had attended to this judicious admonition.

between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterward; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as, on her part, every way became her circumstances and character. For she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me, in those few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, she laid herself on her pillow, in a sleeping posture,

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel on this occasion, and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none, but those with which Reason and Religion furnish me, and those I lay hold on, and grasp as fast as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burden upon me (for wise and good purposes no doubt), will enable me to bear it, in like manner as I have born others, with some degree of fortitude and firmness.

You see how ready I am to relapse into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I shall probably again commit the same fault, if I

continue to write; and therefore I stop short here, and with all sincerity, affection, and esteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleases, or else in another[5].

I am, etc.

[5] His body was brought to England, and interred on May 12, 1732, in his vault in Westminster Abbey: his bowels were in an urn thus inscribed:

"In hac urna depositi sunt cineres
"FRANCISCI ATTERBURY Episcopi Roffensis."

The inscription was intended to be longer, containing very severe sarcasms on his trial and banishment, and ending thus;

"Cavete Posteri!
"Hoc Facinus, conscivit, aggressus est, perpetravit, (Episcoporum præcipue suffragiis adjutus,) Robertus iste Walpole,
"Quem nulla nesciet Posteritas!"

Epistolary Correspondence, published by Mr. Nichols, vol. i. p. 302.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

MR. GAY,

From the Year 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

You writ me a very kind letter some months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonshire. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquired of you, without any satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I passed two months in Sussex, and since my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been silent all this year; I believe he has been displeased at some or other of my freedoms[6], which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you; and if I know you right,

[6] We see by the letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was wont to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticism. So he lost his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taste of the other. W.

you are of a temper to cement friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourself, which, if I had any interest in the world, or power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of modesty, or a vicious distrust of another's value for you (those two eternal foes to merit), imagine that your letters and conversation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those qualities in you to be any thing less than

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1712.

It has been my good fortune within this month past to hear more things that have pleased me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing upon thy word has been so home-felt a satisfaction as the news you tell me of yourself: and you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good success: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boast of. I may with honesty affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many inconveniencies and disadvantages they commonly talk of in the *res angusta domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them some real service. For after

all, if we could but think a little, self-love might make us philosophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumstantials, and the Apparatus or equipage of human life, that costs so much the furnishing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends or the indigent.

I shall see you this winter with much greater pleasure than I could the last; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Dutchess[7] will allow you to spare to any friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any man. I must also put you in mind, though you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise Secretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon those Ladies' favours is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer says for sustenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only passes a night or so with them at his leisure, and away. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was set down to write to you, with some shame that I had so long deferred

[7] Dutchess of Monmouth, to whom he was just then made Secretary. P.

it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you insist upon ceremony, and how much a greater share in your memory I have, than I deserve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it), but am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one trait or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Dutchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over-again in effigie, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting, and as, 'tis said, an angel came and finished his piece, so, you would swear, a devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutted. However I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or

in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should have a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for there ugliness.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan*[8], which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and sense of the fair, as long as that agreeable machine shall play in the hands of posterity. I am glad your fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be borne in the hands of both sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himself cool after a debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MR. GAY, Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil[9]! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the

[8] A Poem of Mr. Gay's, so entitled, not very striking or interesting.

[9] In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome. W.

changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a despondíng Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know, you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death. I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons too themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: Even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the

Successor: During your journeys I knew not whether to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies). Are not the Rosalinda's of Britain as charming as the Blousalinda's of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral Poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked, his Rosalind. Dr. Parnelle and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me, if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I AM extremely glad to find by a letter of yours to Mr. Fortescue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep as the greatest of curiosities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the season in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I shall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleased to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. Pultney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your Letter to Mr. Lowndes[1]. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wish you paid

[1] A Poem entitled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Esq. Author of that celebrated treatise in Folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL.

some hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our addresses to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and I find since, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you write like our brother Poets of these days.

The Dutchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Bellenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who else, had your Letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would send my services to Mr. Pultney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make some compliment to Mrs. Pultney, if she were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much out-shined all the French ladies, as she did the English before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose eyes, alone, lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining such fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Your, etc.

I wish you joy of the birth of the young prince, because he is the only prince we have, from whom you have had no expectations and no disappointments.

LETTER VI.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. F—.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped: The only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the shade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five-and-twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through[2] the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk'd,

[2] The fate of these unfortunate Lovers is made the subject of a pathetic Episode in *Thomson's Summer*, line 1170.

'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers, to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July between two or three in the afternoon), the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her,

as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Staunton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold[3].

Your, etc.

[3] The Epitaph was this:

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an industrious young Man
and Virtuous Maiden of this Parish;
Who being at Harvest-Work
(With several others)
were in one instant killed by Lightning
the last day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY, September 11, 1722.

I THANK you for remembering me; I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your idea is so closely connected to me, that I must forget both together, or neither. I am sorry I could not have a glimpse either of you or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath: but now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this side of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Dutchess[4]. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourself; and one of them at least may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray consult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Cheyne, to what exact pitch your belly may be suffered to swell, not to out-grow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Rochester are opened and prophanely pried into at the Tower: 'tis the first time dead pigeons have

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

[4] That is of Marlborough.

been suspected of carrying intelligence. To be serious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be sensible of my concern and surprize at his commitment, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate wretch: I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is sent to imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addressed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I WAS very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sen-

timents upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point, which is, that they want judgment[5] to know their greatest interest, to encourage and choose honest men for their friends.

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good nature as if she had never seen any ill-nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, intead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grassplat. In the meantime we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, etc.

[5] Instead of—*that they want judgment*, propriety of expression requires, he should have said—*there where they want judgment*. W.

LETTER IX.

September 11, 1722.

I THINK it obliging in you to desire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse state in my life, and find whatever I have tried as a remedy so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your health may be set perfectly right by the waters: and be assured, I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common friends wish, but with a zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear of and from you; always glad to see you, whatever accidents or amusements have intervened to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think justice in regard to those who are my friends, and if there are any whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of as to be my enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; though (to say the truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider

I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

I FAITHFULLY assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my Mother's death; there was no circumstance that rendered it more unsupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and, unless there be a sudden change, I must, in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health

augment as fast as, I fear, her's must decline! I believe that would be very fast.—May the life that is added to you be passed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness! God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, etc.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount, give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday Night.

I TRULY rejoice to see your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to see you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no strength, and seems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes

me not dare to go a day from her, lest that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy recovery, and such a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I write to you, either kind or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindness, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very first, be glad to do to you. In your circumstance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor nostri.*

Your, etc.

I send you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have passed concerning you.

LETTER XII.

No words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I assure you it was not, and is not lessened, by the immediate apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my Mother. Be assured, no duty less than that should have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were she not still in danger of death. I have constantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceased to alarm me yet. God preserve your life, and restore your health! I really beg it for my own sake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, though I always

loved you a great deal. If I am so unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the southern part of France, may be thought useful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: even any honest man is a better. I promise you my entire friendship in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, etc.

Do not write if you are ever so able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I AM glad to hear of the progress of your recovery, and the oftener I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the consolation you were to me in my Mother's former illness, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I lost her, I would have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now passed five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of

the days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: the rest (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to send messages. I never passed so melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death[6] touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderness, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry pleasure through;
Some Joy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day?—'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of another Year.

Your, &c.

[6] Our Author's great regard for *Congreve* appears from his having dedicated to him, in preference to any great Patron, his translation of the Iliad. One of the most singular circumstances in the life of *Congreve* is, his having been able to write such a comedy as the *Old Bachelor*, at the age of nineteen. Dr. Johnson accounts for this extraordinary phenomenon in the history of Literature, by saying it might be done by a mind vigorous and acute, and *furnished* with comic characters by the perusal of *other poets, without* much actual commerce with mankind. And then he afterward adds, in direct and palpable contradiction of this assertion, "that he is an *original* writer, who borrowed neither the *models* of his plots, nor the *manner* of his dialogue." The inexhausted and improper superabundance of his wit, on all subjects and occasions, and in all characters (for *Jeremy* is as witty as his Master, *Valentine*), has been too often observed to be here mentioned. The *Mourning Bride* has been magnified, beyond its merits, by Lord *Kaimes*; and Dr. Johnson has strained an encomium on a speech of *Almeria*, in this tragedy, so high, as to say, that a more poetical paragraph cannot be selected from the whole mass of English Poetry. One passage in this speech must be noticed for

LETTER XIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS.——

June 20.

We cannot omit taking this occasion to congratulate you upon the encrease of your family, for your cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better sort, I mean a female calf; she is as like her mother as she can stare. All Knights Errants' Palfreys were distinguished by lofty names; we see no reason why a Pastoral Lady's sheep and calves should want names of the softer sounds: we have therefore given her the name of Cæsar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, this Roman Lady was suckled by a cow, from whence she took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill[7], Mrs. Susan offered us wine upon the occasion, and upon such an occasion we could not refuse it. Our entertainment consisted of flesh and fish, and the lettuce of a Greek island called Cos. We have some thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; because we think your hall the most delight-

its affectation: She says, "The Temple in which the scene lies, is so solemn and awful, that it *looks tranquillity*." How different in style and manner, are the brilliant sallies in Congreve's comedies, from the *purity*, *justness*, and truth, of *Terence*, and the *Drummer!*

[7] Mrs. Howard's house. W.

ful room in the world, except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forswear all Courts; and really it is the most mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the Court to live with you, nor you get into the country to live with us; so we will take up with what we can get that be-belongs to you, and make ourselves as happy as we can in your house.

I hope we shall be brought into no worse company, when you all come to Richmond; for whatever our friend Gay may wish as to getting into Court, I disclaim it, and desire to see nothing of the Court but yourself, being wholly and solely

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

July 21.

You have the same share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too seldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in consideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembering me, though they preserve for me all the friendship and good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omission of (perhaps) one month; and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the spleen, and

not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenetic, consider I have just received the news of the death of a friend, whom I esteemed almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead[8],

[8] On occasion of his death, our Author wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Broome*, at *Pulham*, Norfolk, which is here inserted, because it contains some curious particulars:

"DEAR SIR,

"I intended to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before y^rs^ came; but stay'd to have informed myself & you of y^e^ circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a Gradual Decay, though so early in Life, & was declining for 5 or 6 months. It was not, as I apprehended, the Gout in his Stomach, but I believe rather a Complication first of Gross Humors, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of Exercise. No man better bore y^e^ approaches of his Dissolution (as I am told) or with less ostentation yielded up his Being. The great Modesty w^ch^ you know was natural to him, and y^e^ great Contempt he had for all Sorts of Vanity & Parade, never appear'd more than in his last moments: He had a conscious Satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, & unpretending to more than was his own. So he dyed, as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient, Contentment.

"As to any Papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, He never wrote out of Vanity, or thought much of the Applause of Men. I know an Instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural Love of Ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least I hear of none except some few further remarks on Waller, (w^ch^ his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson,) and perhaps, tho' 'tis many years since I saw it, a Translation of y^e^ first Book of Oppian. He had begun a Tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no debts, or legacies; except of a few p^ds^ to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, & mutual esteem.

"I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian and Philosophical character, in His Epitaph. There Truth may be spoken in a few

of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use exercise. I hope the Dutchess[9] will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of exercise abroad. Mrs. Howard is so concerned about you, and so angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the same, that I am piqued with jealousy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confess a proper cause of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant or unpensioned. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was, and just as I ever shall be,

Your, etc.

words: as for Flourish, & Oratory, & Poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively Writers, such as love writing for writing sake, & w^d^ rather show their own fine Parts, y^n^ Report the valuable ones of any other man. So the Elegy I renounce.

"I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a Friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, & set your character in y^e^ fairest light, to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

"Adieu: Let us love his Memory, and profit by his example. I am very sincerely, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate

"& real Servant,

Aug. 29^th^ 1730. "A. POPE."

[9] Of Queensberry. W.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 6, 1727.

I HAVE many years ago magnified in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eighth in the Scripture; "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy dismission from all Court dependance; I dare say I shall find you the better and the honester man for it many years hence; very probably the healthfuller and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many cursed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape the infection, who are hackneyed and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes), and Ladies (the fools of Peers), will smile on you the less; but men of worth, and real friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give), Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the satisfactory consciousness of having *not* merited such graces from Courts as are bestowed only on the mean, servile, flattering, interested, and undeserving. The only steps to the favour[1] of the

[1] Is the picture of Ministers and Courtiers and Great Men, drawn by the masterly hand of a person of much experience and observation, Mad. Maintenon, faithful and true?

"Je ne suis point portée à la defiance, et j'aurois vecu long-

Great are such complacencies, such compliances, such distant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their passions. He is their greatest favourite[2] who is the falsest; and when a man, by such vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for serving their ends: so many a Minister has found it!

I believe you did not want advice in the letter you sent by my Lord Grantham; I presume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any Decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad omen: but

temps sans croire les hommes aussi mauvais qu'on les dit; mais la Cour change les meilleurs. Presque tous noyent leurs parens et leurs amis pour dire un mot de plus au Roi, et pour lui montrer qu'ils lui sacrifient tout. Ce pays est effroyable, il n'y a point de tête qui n'y tourne. Enfin les hommes sont tres mal dans mon esprit, et je ne regarde pas les femmes. Cependant je reçois la compagnie; et quelle compagnie! Je suis obsedée ou de femmes que je meprise, ou d'hommes qui ne m'aiment point. Je vois, j'entends des choses qui me deplaisent, ou qui m'indignent. Je m'observe sans cesse pour retenir mon impatience, et pour empecher qu'on ne s'apperçoive que je la retiens. Nous avons des assassinats de sang froid, des envies sans sujet, des rages, des trahisons sans ressentimens, des avarices insatiables, des désespoirs au milieu du bonheur, des bassesses, qu'on couvre du nom de grandeur d'ame. Je me tais, je n'y puis penser sans emportement."

[2] This satire is carried to excess. The Great, as they are called, are neither so bad or so good, as they are usually represented to be.

what have I to do with Court-omens?—Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly speech: While you are nobody's servant, you may be any one's friend; and, as such, I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have six-pence, nay eight-pence, If I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

'Twas two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it sooner; I thought of you every post-day upon that account, and every other day upon some account or other. I must beg you to give Mrs. B. my sincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who seemed, in the letter she writ, to be in high health and spirits: Considering the multiplicity of pleasures and delights that one is over-run with in those places, I wonder how any body hath health and spirit enough to support them: I am heartily glad she has, and whenever I hear so, I find it contributes to mine. You see I am not free from dependance, though I have less attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare still depends upon hers. Is the widow's house to be disposed of yet? I have not given up my pretensions to the Dean: if it was

to be parted with, I wish one of us had it; I hope you wish so too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wish the same, and for the very same reason that I wish it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertisements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and by the indignation such fellows shew against you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himself hath not been worse used by the French. I am to tell you that the Dutchess makes you her compliments, and is always inclined to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude; and loves, not envies, your performance; for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

If my friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantaged and enriched by it. I ever honoured those Popes who were most famous for Nepotism, 'tis a sign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extensive bounty and goodness to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this distance, nor help the Ge-

neral, whom I greatly love, to catch one fish. My only consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive), that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepared with oranges by the hand of the Dutchess of Queensberry? that I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all guests, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapped into the Idalian Groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet, up to the chin, with the Dutchess of Queensberry? that I am doomed to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banished with the Dutchess of Queensberry? So partial is fortune in her dispensations! for I deserved ten times more to be banished than you, and I know some Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do so much for you as to send you their services. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose, to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll say for a courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well:—I fancy, after all, they both do so.

I writ to Mr. Fortescue, and told him the pains

you took to see him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Irish evidence, but only two letters these four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always speaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the superior carnivoracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Dutchess, nay dines with her, after she has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strongest walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit with it at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Dutchess's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I MAY with great truth return your speech, that I think of you daily; oftener indeed than is consistent with the character of a reasonable man, who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneasy for those which he wants. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here to be laid up in a more blessed state with spirits of a higher kind: such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, since, their banishment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each

other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will consort or associate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myself (so unworthy as a man of Twit'nam seems, to be ranked with such rectified and sublimated beings as you) as a separated spirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But I own, not altogether so divested of terrene matter, not altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy of admission to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugged back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder when my retreat is but ten miles from the Capital. I am within ear-shot of reports, within the vortex of lies and censures. I hear sometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reason and religion. I presume these are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the post, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this distance; as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midst of the Colluvies and sink of human greatness at W——r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you lived in your mortal and too transitory state at Petersham; one Lord B. who admired the Dutchess before she grew a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good woman is too great to be borne easily: and poor Mrs. Rollinson, though a private woman, was such. Her husband is

gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to Bath, to live on, for such is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, October 1, 1730.

I AM something like the sun at this season, withdrawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to such a degree, that anybody will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more serviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my poetical capacity as a son of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's), for I shall see or be seen of few of you this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden finely says, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my spirits flag as a companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to some life. A friend (a woman friend,

God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found some reason for this admonition, and concluded she would complete all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the employment I am fittest for; conversation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatified spirit, comparing your life with my stupid state. For as to my living at Windsor with the ladies, etc. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not desire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are writers, ought to love posterity that posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the children of the present race, merely in hope they may be a little wiser than their Parents.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

It is true, that I write to you very seldom, and have no pretence of writing which satisfies me, because I have nothing to say that can give you much pleasure: only merely that I am in being, which in

truth is of little consequence to one from whose conversation I am cut off by such accidents or engagements as separate us. I continue, and ever shall, to wish you all good and happiness: I wish that some lucky event might set you in a state of ease and independency all at once! And that I might live to see you as happy as this silly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections strengthening as my age encreases; not that I am worse, but better, in my health than last winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor support to lean upon, from those about me: and so I find myself leaving the world, as fast as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and those too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or else so divided from me, that they are but like the dead whose remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth, made me have but one strong desire; all other ambitions, my person, education, constitution, religion, etc. conspired to remove far from me. That desire was, to fix and preserve a few lasting, dependable friendships: and the accidents which have disappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am sunk into an idleness, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind; I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains? Here I sit and sleep, and probably here I shall sleep till I sleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what passes in the busy world with

so little attention, that I forget it the next day; and as to the learned world, there is nothing passes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am, with the same truth as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

October 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one[3], but I can't say so pleasing to me as many of yours have been, through the account you give of the dejection of your spirits. I wish the too constant use of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing physician of that opinion. I also wish you were not so totally immersed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy against the evil of too much recollection. I wish it partly for my own sake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be physicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our constitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum Similitudo*, etc. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are several here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which seems to be bidding the town a long and last adieu. I can tell you of no one thing worth reading, or seeing; the

[3] In all this correspondence with *Gay*, there appears to be a vein of more natural sentiments, and easy unaffected language, than in most of his other Letters.

whole age seems resolved to justify the Dunciad, and it may stand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inscription like that at Thermopylæ, on a *whole people perished!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry set up, to preserve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants in Guildhall) shew the bulk and bad taste of our ancestors: at present the poor Laureat[4] and Stephen Duck serve for this purpose; a drunken sot of a *Parson* holds forth the emblem of *Inspiration*, and an honest industrious *Thresher* not unaptly represents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltshire has appeared at Amesbury, or the Dutchess will be thought insensible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuses, in court and country alike. But he is a harmless man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talked of at Court, but it will please you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the same breath with the Thresher, as they do of me. By the way, have you seen or conversed with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful phænomenon of Wiltshire[5]? I have read through his whole volume[6] with admiration of the writer; though

[4] Eusden. W.

[5] He was a glover at Salisbury. How came the Commentator to imagine that the *City* set him up to rival *Locke?*

[6] This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any signs of these extravagancies, which have since rendered his name so noted. As the Court set up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the same time considered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipse Locke. The modesty of the Court Poet kept him sober in the very intoxicating situation, while the vanity of this new-fangled Philosopher assisted his sage admirers in turning his head. W.

not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have past just three days in London in four months, two at Windsor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excursion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your first friends, who will be so till the last. Mrs. Blount deserves your remembrance, for she never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend[7].

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my services: the contentment you express in their company pleases me, though it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever, very truly,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

October 2, 1732.

Sir Clem. Cottrel tells me you will shortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whistle, and the waters roar. The sun gives us a parting look, but 'tis a cold one; we are ready to change those distant favours of a lofty beauty, for a gross material fire that warms and comforts more. I wish you could be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmless creatures, nay

[7] Alluding to those lines in the Epist. *on the Characters of women*,

"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can *Chloe* want?—She wants a heart." W.

none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conscience sake, that you should come to town, and that the Dutchess should stay in the country, where no innocents of another species may suffer by her. I hope she never goes to church: the Duke should lock you both up, and less harm would be done. I advise you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for Coxcombs, and truss up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them fresh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual dictator of the stage, though indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar. However, ambition finds something to be gratified with in a mere name; or else, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at present, no politics at Court, no trade in town, nothing stirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verses on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loss which to prefer: but for my own part I like none so well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muse on this occasion. I am sure I would do as much for the Dutchess of Queensberry, if she desired it. Several of your friends assure me it is expected from you: one should not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court: and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The Volume of Miscellanies is just published, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I assure you, no one more than

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

October 7, 1732.

I AM at last returned from my Somersetshire expedition, but since my return I cannot so much boast of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, so as to make me uneasy and dispirited, though not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excursions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects. Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We are often entertained with sea-views, and sea-fish, and were at some places in the neighbourhood, among which I was mightily pleased with Dunster Castle, near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town with an extensive view of the Bristol channel, in which are seen two small Islands called the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on t'other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of fields in the Welsh coast. All this journey I performed on horseback, and I

am very much disappointed that at present I feel myself so little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exercise for three months successively, and really think I was as well without it; so that I begin to fear the illness I have so long and so often complained of, is inherent in my constitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience[8].

As to your advice about writing Panegyric[9], 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it sometimes against my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at present, as I have no desire of reward, and see no just reason of praise, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profession. I have seen no verses on these sublime occasions: so that I have no emulation: let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myself unworthy.

I am, etc.

[8] Mr. Gay died the November following, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46 years. P.

[9] *Gay*, we see, would not take the advice his friend gave him to write some Panegyric. I think the Dutchess of Queensberry dissuaded him from doing it, and that she was not pleased with one of the last paragraphs of the *preceding* Letter.

What more mortifying than to see the abject flattery into which even men of genius and talents have sometimes descended! While Louis XIV. was one day shewing his gardens at Marly to Cardinal de Polignac, they were overtaken in their walk by a sudden shower of rain; and the King expressing his concern lest the habit of the Cardinal should be soiled by the wet; "Ah! Sire! (said the Author of Anti-Lucretius) la pluie de Marly ne mouille pas."

LETTER XXV.

MR. CLELAND TO MR. GAY[1].

December 16, 1731.

I AM astonished at the complaints occasioned by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and I should be afflicted were there the least just ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice at the time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with ostentation as a Merit; I should have been apprehensive of the consequence: had he satyrized gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds fortune, acquired by such methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: had he over-warmly defended the Religion of his country, against such books as come from every press, are publickly vended in every shop, and greedily bought by almost every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the same names which they openly bestow on the greatest men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: in any of these cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his rashness.

I could not but hope better from this small and modest Epistle, which attacks no vice whatsoever;

[1] This was written by the same hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publisher*, prefixed to the Dunciad: and what hand that was, no one who reads this collection of Letters can be at a loss to ascertain. W.

It was by Pope himself.

which deals only in Folly and not Folly in general, but a single species of it; that only branch, for the opposite excellency to which the Noble Lord, to whom it is written, must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused than apologized for.

> Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
> Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread
> The Lab'rer bears.

Is this such a crime, that to impute it to a man must be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one, a want of taste. It is what the best good man living may be liable to. The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favoured house, and the best reputed citizen be pleased with a vile garden. I thought (I say) the author had the common liberty to observe a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that distinguishes him: which I know not how any quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But they say, the satire is personal. I thought it could not be so, because all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his house, gardens, etc. Nay, he respects (as one may say) the persons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only sorry to see them (as he might be to see any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy,

that to say a thing is personal, is the same as to say it is unjust, not considering, that nothing can be just that is not personal. I am afraid that "all such writings and discourses as touch no man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like satire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reason, because the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder those who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward consolation in moving it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best characters. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists should rail at them as creatures of prey; every beast born for our use would be ready to call a man so.

I know no remedy, unless people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unless comedy were forsaken, satire silent, and every man left to do what seems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Priest, no Poet, in Israel.

But I find myself obliged to touch a point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which I will boldly say, they would impute to the person the most different in the world from a Man-hater, to the person whose taste and encouragement of wit have often been shown in the rightest place. The author of that epistle must certainly think so, if he has the same opinion of his

own merit as authors generally have; for he has been distinguished by this very person.

Why, in God's name, must a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his nose or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beseech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but must the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy instance how much the taste of the public is vitiated, and turns the most salutary and seasonable physic into poison, than if amidst the blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a great man, they should only remark there is a shadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any such to one, whose whole life (to use his own expression in print of him) is a *continued series* of *good* and *generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least pain or offence to any innocent person; and none who would be less concerned, if the satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the freedom of one whose censures are just, and who sets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

My Lord, March 7, 1731.

The clamour raised about my Epistle to you could not give me so much pain, as I received pleasure in seeing the general zeal of the world in the cause of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordship in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deserved this from you; for as I had the honour to be your friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the writer deserved more candour, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble person, was impertinent; in regard to me, villanous. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty should be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen would escape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble person's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a-dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as, I fear, some of theirs must be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the Injury done to me, while his great-

ness of mind can bear with indifference the insult offered to himself[1].

However, my Lord, I own, that critics of this sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: that would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deserves; and which some, I am sure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as slander raised by fools of the lowest rank, can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.

I am,

My Lord,

Your most affectionate, etc.

[1] Alludes to the letter the Duke of Chandos wrote to Mr. Pope on this occasion. P.

LETTER XXVII[2].

Cirencester.

It is a true saying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendship; they shew us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourselves any otherwise. I feel my being forced to this Bath journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to those I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not usually got the better of my tendernesses and affections. I set out with a heavy heart, wishing I had done this thing the last season: for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the most, my Mother's death (especially should it happen while I am away). And another reflection pains me, that I have never, since I knew you, been so long separated from you, as I now must be. Methinks we live to be more and more strangers, and every year teaches you to live without me. This absence may, I fear, make my return less welcome and less wanting to you, than once it seemed, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reason to diminish friendship, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal disordered me, notwithstanding my resting place at Lord Bathurst's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in spirits all day long; I rejoice to see him so. It is

[2] To Mrs. B. W.

a right distinction, that I am happier in seeing my friends so many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleasures, than I can be in sharing either with them: for in these sort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a stronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myself. The worst is, that reading and writing, which I have still the greatest relish for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preserve the good opinion of one or two friends, to such a degree, as to have their indulgence to my weaknesses, I will not complain of life: and if I could live to see you consult your ease and quiet, by becoming independent on those who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleasanter than the former, or present. My uneasinesses of body I can bear; my chief uneasiness of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *easy* and *beloved* (which is all the happiness one needs to wish in this world), and content with moderate things. All your point is not to lose that temper by sacrificing yourself to others, out of a mistaken tenderness, which hurts you, and profits not them. And this you must do soon, or it will be too late: habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L— to live out of a Court.

You must excuse me for observing what I think any defect in you: you grow too indolent, and give things up too easily: which would be otherwise, when you found and felt yourself your own: spirits

would come in, as ill-usage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppression, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour* nor your own *Sense*.

You can't conceive how much you would find resolution rise, and cheerfulness grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes across me, and therefore excuse my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I dissemble half that I think of you. Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII[3].

YOUR letter dated at nine o'clock on Tuesday (night, I suppose) has sunk me quite. Yesterday I hoped; and yesterday I sent you a line or two for our poor friend Gay, enclosed in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you should have had it. I am troubled about that, though the present cause of our trouble be so much greater[4]. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty share with Mrs. Howard, who has lost a man of a most honest heart; so honest an one, that I wish her Master had none less honest about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one pro-

[3] To the same. W.

[4] Mr. Gay's death, which happened in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queensberry's house in London, aged 46. P.

mise it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the past. Let us comfort one another, and if possible, study to add as much more friendship to each other, as death has deprived us of in him: I promise you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deserve more and more of yours.

I purposely avoid saying more. The subject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or ease by reason or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my mother be! which now I tremble at, now resign to, now bring close to me, now set farther off: every day alters, turns me about, and confuses my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous distemper is again returned, her fever coming onward again, though less in pain; for which last however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a Pleasure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have so long lived with, or of one I have so long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the last we usually think of, though the only one we should in wisdom depend upon, in such a disappointing place as this. I sit in her room, and she is always present before me, but when I sleep. I wonder I am so well: I have shed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things see you, and think it would comfort you to see me so equal-tempered and so quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and she know nothing of it, for

she dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, lest it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wish he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: be assured I love you both, and be farther assured, that friendship will increase as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Twitenham, near Hampton Court,
"SIR, July 23, 1726.

"I RECEIVED a Letter from you with satisfaction, having long been desirous of any occasion of testifying my regard for you, and particularly of acknowledging the pleasure your version of Vida's Poetick had afforded me. I had it not indeed from your Bookseller, but read it with eagerness, & think it both a correct, and a spirited translation. I am pleased to have been (as you tell me) y^e^ occasion of y^r^ undertaking that work: that is some sort of merit; & if I have any in me, it really consists in an earnest desire to promote & produce, as far as I can, that of others. But as to my being y^e^ publisher, or any way concern'd in reviewing or recommending of Lintot's Miscellany, it is what I never did in my life; tho' He (like y^e^ rest of his Tribe) make a very free use of my name. He has often reprinted my things, & so scurvily, that finding he was doing so again, I

corrected y^e^ sheets as far as they went, of my own only: And being told by him, y^t^ he had 2 or 3 copies of yours (w^ch^ you had formerly sent me (as he said) thro' his hands), I obliged him to write for y^r^ consent, before he made use of 'em. This was all: y^r^ second book he has just now delivered to me, y^e^ Inscription of w^ch^ to myself I will take care he shall leave out, & either return y^e^ rest of your verses to him, or not, as you shall like best. I am obliged to you, S^r^, for expressing a much higher opinion of me than I know I deserve. The freedom with w^ch^ you write is yet what obliges and pleases me more; & it is with sincerity that I say, I w^d^ rather be thought by every ingenious man in y^e^ world, his servant, than his rival.

"I am very much yours,

"A. POPE."

N. B. In a Letter from Mr. Spence to Mr. Pitt, dated Twickenham August 2, 1728, is the following Postscript:

"Sir, I take this opportunity of assuring you, you have at the place from whence this Letter is dated, a friend, and servant,

"A. POPE[5]."

[5] Our Author's mode of spelling is minutely copied in this Letter.

LETTER XXX.

TO HUGH BETHEL, ESQ.

July 12, 1723.

I ASSURE you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendliness is most welcome to me, who knew those tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and professions, which most people only give that they may receive; and is at best a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falsehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the sort of good offices you offer; but if I did want them, I should think myself unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is some compliment, for I would rather most men did me a small injury, than a kindness. I know your humanity, and, allow me to say, I love and value you for it: 'tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I see the world so fond of: they generally admire in the wrong place, and generally most admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleasure or advantage from wit which they seldom taste, or learning which they seldom understand, much less from the quality, high birth, or shining circumstances, of those to whom they profess esteem, and who will always remember how much they are their inferiors. But humanity and sociable virtues are what every creature wants every day, and still wants more the longer he lives, and most the very

moment he dies. It is travelling either in a ditch or on a terrace; we should walk in the common way, where others are continually passing on the same level, to make the journey of life supportable by bearing one another company in the same circumstances.—Let me know how I may convey over the Odysseys for your amusement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with those of Ulysses: I am sure yours are undertaken upon a more disinterested, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without saving a friend.

There is lately printed a book[6] wherein all human virtue is reduced to one test, that of Truth, and branched out in every instance of our duty to God and man. If you have not seen it, you must, and I will send it together with the Odyssey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the least of. They make as much ado about *truth*, since this book appeared, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtless be as constant in the pursuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

[6] Mr. Wollaston's excellent book of the *Religion of Nature delineated*. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading of it, and the talking of it, fashionable. W.

Pope also read it attentively; as appears by many passages taken from it, in the Essay on Man.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

August 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the highway side, and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man. Esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others, whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed them as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worst enemies believed of him. For my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long

enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. 'Tis the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak, pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl. I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions: but a good mind rewards its own sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as

possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me lacrymis decoret.*—I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease; for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you could take up with an inn at Twitenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

June 24, 1727.

You are too humane and considerate (things few people can be charged with). Do not say you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing sometimes to you, than thinking of you. I know the world too well not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my mother's unexpected recovery, though my hope can rise no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the small addition of a few days to the many she has already seen. Yet so short and transitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or shine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing else that will live for me, or consume itself in my service. But I would have you think this is not the

chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it costs us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or she at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be disturbed for many things in this world: but those offices that are necessary duties, either to our friends or ourselves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and ease of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the highest pleasure; and those who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themselves ever so dearly. At the same time it must be owned, one meets with cruel disappointments in seeing so often the best endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is most cruel of all) through their own means[7]. But still, I affirm, those very disappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleasures, than the utmost gratifications and successes of a mere self-lover.

The great and sudden event which has just now happened[8], puts the whole world (I mean this whole world) into a new state: the only use I have, shall, or wish to make of it, is to observe the disparity of men from themselves in a week's time: the desultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new measures: and that strange spirit and life, with

[7] See Letter XXVII. from Cirencester. W.

[8] The Death of K. George the First, which happened the 11th of June 1727.

which men broken and disappointed resume their hopes, their solicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philosopher, to be busy in these observations, and to come hither to see the fury and bustle of the Bees this hot season, without coming so near as to be stung by them.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

June 17, 1728.

After the publishing my Boyish Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I

have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: Curiosity and the love of Dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual Trust. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, the dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the Insipid, the Disagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore indeed for many years I have not chosen my companions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to possessing the best qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord, August 24, 1728.

I presume you[9] may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and possibly some ra-

[9] He was one of those men, says Mr. *Walpole*, of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand bon mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this Lord: of an advantageous figure, and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave; but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said "to have seen more Kings and more postilions than any man in Europe." His enmity to the Duke of Marlborough, and his friendship with Pope, will preserve his name, when his genius, too romantic to have laid a solid foundation for fame, and his politics, too disinterested for his age and country, shall be equally forgotten. He was a man, as his friend said, "who would neither live nor die like any other mortal." Yet even particularities were becoming in him, as he had a natural ease that immediately adopted and saved from the air of affectation. He wrote

"La Muse de Cavalier, or an Apology for such Gentlemen as make Poetry their Diversion, not their Business," in a letter from a Scholar of Mars, to one of Apollo, printed in the Public Register, or Weekly Magazine, No. 3. p. 88, published by Dodsley, 1741.

"A severe Copy of Verses on the Dutchess of Marlborough; addressed to Mr. Harley after his Removal from Court."

He was author too of those well-known lines which conclude,

"Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was She!"

Four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's.

The account of the Earl's conduct in Spain, taken from his original letters and papers, was drawn up by Dr. Friend, and published in 1707, octavo.

tional, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have seen will only contribute to it. I am not so fond of making compliment to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would say there are some very reasonable and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at least half the year almost as much your own master as I am mine the whole year: and with all the disadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the last of these glorious appellations to the style of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, says Tully, *proxima Sapientiæ*, which is more than can be said, by most modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiæ*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and there are (my Lord) some circumstances in which you would resemble the Great Turk! The two Paradises are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and some there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Musselmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at Southampton; and our Ministers, I dare say, have less to do. Our weekly histories are only full of the feasts given to the Queen and royal Family by their servants, and the long and laborious walks her Ma-

jesty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Historians hereafter shall be silent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make posterity some amends, by being furnished with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis some comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been absent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, through modesty, through idleness, and through respect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man[1] will as soon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord yours.

LETTER XXXV.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

I MUST confess[2], that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curiosity. I went thither to see what I had seen, and what I was sure to like.

[1] Let those who are overfond of censuring great men, at every turn and on every occasion, attend to the remarkable words that Cardinal Richlieu spoke to Marshal Fabert: "In your situation of life, it is easy for you to distinguish your friends from your enemies. No disguise prevents you from discerning the difference with accuracy. But in my situation, it is impossible for me to penetrate into their real sentiments. They all hold to me the same language, they make their court to me with the same earnestness, and those who secretly wish to destroy me, give me as many visible proofs of their friendship, as those who are truly attached to my interest."

[2] The ease and pleasantry of this Letter, so far preferable to

I had the idea of those Gardens so fixed in my imagination by many descriptions, and nothing surprised me; Immensity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me use this expression: I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the subject, and wonder at your mistake: why will you imagine women insensible to Praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am sure the Farmeress at Bevis in her highest mortifications, in the middle of her Lent[3], would feel emotions of vanity, if she knew you gave her the character of a reasonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another mistake, which hindered me shewing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the same compliment, though you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would please neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more disposed to criticise your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieus and such folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy in our

the studied paragraphs of *Pope*, is a proof of what was said above, of the superiority of many of his Correspondent's Letters to his own. The same may be said of Letters 37, 38, 39.

[3] The Countess of Peterborow, a Roman Catholic. W.

times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and secure everlasting peace?

I can no longer disagree with you, though in jest. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your esteem of that most noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Laziness: no man sure could blame my choice of such a Deity, who considers, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with some wise man able to undo my labours.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXVI.

You were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to answer my last. I always understood, like a true controvertist, that to answer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you, you did it (as all Polemics do) to shew your parts. Else was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but since you certainly love them better, why are you so uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing she herself least values, Reason, when Beauty is uncontested. Venus herself could allow Minerva to be Goddess of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herself thought)

on a better account. I do say that Lady P* is a reasonable woman; and I think she will not take it amiss, if I should insist upon esteeming her, instead of toasting her like a silly thing I could name, who is the Venus of these days. I see you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reasonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have shewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But for God's sake, what have you said about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the trust you reposed in my prudence, or what mischief might not I have done you with some that affect that denomination? Your Lordship might as safely have spoken of Heroes. What a bluster would the God of the winds have made, and one that we know puffed against Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipped the seas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearsal,

> I'll give him flash for flash—
> I'll give him dash for dash—

But all now is safe; the Poets are preparing songs of joy, and Halcyon days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection bring you to town. I fear it will a little raise your envy to find all the Muses employed in celebrating a Royal work[4], which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and West-

[4] The Hermitage. W.

minster. I think, Swift, Gay, and I, could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expensive: but the same hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all else should fail, you are sure at least of the head, hand, and heart, of your servant.

Why should you fear any disagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader season: 'tis all silent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they say, 'tis sometimes so just before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we observe the wise neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? or if you, my Lord, should be pricked on by any old-fashioned notions of Honour and Romance, and think it necessary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great Britain is concerned: and will contribute to empty the largest bowl of punch that shall be rigged out on such an occasion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable.

LETTER XXXVII.

FROM THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

You must receive my letters[5] with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weatherglass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a Birth-day, or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birth-day. Where you shewed one letter, you may shew the other; she that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuse, where a sin of Omission, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial sin.

I consent you shall call me polemic, or associate me to any sect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues or to the Pacific Politicians of the present age. I have read over[6] Barkley in vain, and find, after a stroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another

[5] In a curious and original Letter, which I have read by the favour of the late Dutchess *Dowager* of *Portland*, *Prior* speaks thus slightingly of the *veracity* of this celebrated Earl, to Lord *Oxford*, dated *February* 10, 1714.

"Lord *Peterborow*," says he, "is gone from *Genoa* in an open boat—that's *one*; 300 miles by sea—that's *two*; that he was forced ashore twenty times by Tempests and Majorkeens to lie among the rocks—that's—*how many*, my Lord Treasurer?"

[6] Barkley's Apology for the Quakers. P.

blow: all I can bring myself to is, to bear mortification from the Fair Sex with patience.

You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, Sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make Goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we must lay aside Reason in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing songs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of soft rhyme, against the rough prose they may chance to meet with at Westminster. I should have been glad of any thing of Swift's: Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himself.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

WHENEVER you apply as a good Papist to your female Mediatrix[7], you are sure of success; but there is not a full assurance of your entire submission

[7] Lady Peterborow, a rigid Papist.

to mother church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, she will correspond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the side of my wheelbarrow: surely such letters might escape examination.

Your Idea of the Golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wishes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleased.

Oh how I wish, to myself and my friends, a freedom which Fate seldom allows, and which we often refuse ourselves! Why is our Shepherdess [8] in voluntary slavery? why must our Dean submit to the colour of his coat, and live absent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I seldom venture to give accounts of my journies before hand, because I take resolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you to be sprinkled with holy water before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, etc.

[8] Mrs. H. W.

LETTER XXXIX.

FROM THE SAME.

1732.

I AM under the greatest impatience to see Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount[9], and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience; every one must confess, that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms: nay at worst many good men hold, that for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well;

[9] This year Lord *Peterborow* and *Pope* paid a visit from Southampton to Winchester College, and gave prizes to the scholars for the best copy of verses that should be written, on a subject proposed to them by Mr. Pope himself—*The Campaign of Valentia.*—The prizes were sets of *Pine's* Horace. *Hampton*, the excellent Translator of Polybius, at that time very young, gained one of these prizes: Mr. *Whitehead* another.

I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for Truth[1], and a saucy love for my Country.

When a Christian Priest preached against the Spirit of the Gospel, when an English Judge determined against Magna Charta, when the Minister acted against Common Sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears: but as to things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit: I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, etc.

[1] As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the Year 1696-7.

LETTER XL.

DR. SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

My Lord,

I never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the Scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced Courts to act against their oldest, and most constant maxims; to make you a General because you had courage and conduct; an Ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an Admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of Court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate, under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not

see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordships undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending Parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, etc.

LETTER XLI.

TO * * * * *[1].

September 13.

I BELIEVE you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the Self-taught Philosopher[2]. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you.

[1] Lord Bathurst. W.

[2] The title of an Arabic Treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan; written to explain and recommend the mystic Theology of the Mahometans, in all respects the same with the Mysticism of Christian Fanatics.

I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I don't think it at all impossible that Mr. L. may be far advanced in that exercise by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.* I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your Lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night, in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate Revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us, by a Vision in bed. But laying aside Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church; when once it is set up, you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden. Several Critics were of several opinions: one declared he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (said he) of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature[4]: another told them that Gravel-walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of a loose sand: a third advised[5] peremptorily there should not be one Lime-tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to Horse-chesnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the Trees were proscribed, contrary to the Paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear Evergreens, and called them Never-greens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Evergreen Taylors; some who had no dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipt-hedges, which they called green walls. These (my Lord) are our men of Taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of

[4] An expression of Sir T. H. W.

[5] Here are some curious observations on Gardening, and the art of laying out grounds, written before *Kent's* improvements in this art.

Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot relish Tragedies, another hates Pastorals, all little wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord*, who is a zealous, yet a charitable Planter, and has so bad a taste as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your Lordship with the delight I always see you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wish for you.

I am, etc.

LETTER XLII.

TO MR. C——.

September 2, 1732.

I ASSURE you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permission you now give me, to be plain and unreserved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long since: but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare

to all mankind. The truth is what you guess; I could not esteem your conduct, to an object of misery so near you as Mrs. ———, and I have often hinted it to yourself: the truth is, I cannot yet esteem it for any reason I am able to see. But this I promise, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no farther cause of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no further pain; she is no longer an object either of yours or my compassion; the hardships done her are lodged in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the persons concerned in occasioning them.

As for the interruption of our correspondence, I am sorry you seem to put the Test of my friendship upon that, because it is what I am disqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obstacles which I can't surmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet stronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expressing my respect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends; I hardly dare while there are Curls in the world. If you please to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Booksellers, or the silly curiosity of people in general; you'll confess I have small reason to indulge correspondences; in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abstracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wish my friends would send me back those forfeitures of

my discretion, commit to my justice what I trusted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end those trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amusement, but to me may prove a discredit as lasting and extensive, as the foresaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary scribblers, or curious simpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not answering your question about some Party-papers, and their authors[1]. This indeed I could not tell you, because I never was, or will be privy to such papers: and if by accident, through my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they concealed, I should certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-house, I have often wished it; it was my compliance to a superior duty that hindered me, and one which you are too good a Christian to wish I should have broken, having never ventured to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for such a journey.

Upon the whole, I must acquit myself of any act or thought, in prejudice of the regard I owe you, as so long and obliging an acquaintance and corre-

[1] Considering certain topics that have very lately been so eagerly discussed by many political writers, it is to be wished they had attentively read and considered what Plato has said, in the sixth Book of his Laws, concerning excessive riches, or excessive poverty, in a well-ordered state; and also what Aristotle has observed, in the seventh Chapter of the seventh Book of his Politics, that perhaps all nations are not equally fit or qualified to enjoy Liberty.

spondent. I am sure I have all the good wishes for yourself and your family, that become a friend: there is no accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I should not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be assured, I am in disposition and will, though not so much as I would be in testimonies or writing,

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIII.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

January 13, 1732.

I HAVE at last got my mother so well, as to allow myself to be absent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propose to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey called employing the pencil[2], the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of serving God, by the talent he gave him. I am sure, in this instance, it is serving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or ass) on the Sabbath: which, though it may seem a general precept, yet in one sense particularly applies to you, who have helped many a human ox, and many a human ass, to the likeness of man, not to say of God.

[2] Dr. Johnson extorted a promise from Sir Joshua Reynolds, never to paint on a Sunday.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wishes for yourself and your family (the happiness of which ties I know by experience, and have learned to value from the late danger of losing the best of mine),

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

As I know, you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead[3]. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of Tranquillity, nay, almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a Saint expired, that ever Painting drew[4]: and it

[3] Mrs. Pope died the seventh of June, 1733, aged 93. W.

[4] One of the best of Richardson's portraits is that of our Author, of which an engraving is prefixed to this edition; now in the possession of Mr. *Way*, and formerly in Dr. Mead's Collection; who wrote under it the two following indifferent, harsh lines:

Popius, ingenio, doctrina et carminis arte,
Non habet, invidia hoc nec neget ipsa, parem.

The only piece of our Author's own painting, is the Head of Betterton, in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield.

would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night, I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, etc.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

It is hardly possible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, so much the same! and which (alas, for mortality!) will out-last the other. Posterity will, through your means, see the man whom it will for ages honour[5], vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already said in the essay to which you are so partial)

The sons shall blush the fathers were his foes.

That essay has many faults, but the poem you sent me has but one, and that I can easily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I

[5] Lord Bolingbroke. W.

would not have it kept unprinted neither——but all in good time. I'm glad you publish your Milton[6]. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too shortly for what I could not help, a Satirical Poem on Verbal Criticism by Mr. Mallet, which he has inscribed to me; but the Poem itself is good[7] (another cause of anger to any Critic). As for myself, I resolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral course, taking no sort of notice of man's anger, or women's scandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu[8].

[6] In which are many judicious and curious remarks, though adulterated with some that are trifling enough.

[7] The Poem was a very fulsome piece of flattery to Pope, and a pretty exact imitation of his manner, and contained much contemptible and illiberal abuse of many useful and illustrious critics, with whom Mallet was little acquainted. Mallet never forgave, and did some ill offices, especially with Lord Melcombe, to the Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, who unluckily cited his Amyntor and Theodora, as containing some examples of false writing and unnatural images. Mallet's Life of Lord Bacon was too highly commended by Chesterfield, and his friends. He once intended to write the History of the Exclusion Bill.

[8] Mr. Richardson, sen. the Painter, says, "that one day Mr. Pope asked him, how he liked that kind of writing in which prose and verse were mixed together, as in the works of St. Evremond and others?" "I told him," adds he, "that I liked it well for off-hand occasional productions." "Why," replied he, "I have thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me, of various accidents and reflections, in this manner." In one of his letters he gives an account of an excursion he made to Bristol from Bath, "the idlest and the busiest cities in England." He mentioned the Cartoon of Raphael that is at Badminton, but does not seem to have attended to the Guido's that are there, nor to the curious satirical Picture of Salvator Rosa, for which he was obliged to quit Rome. Neither does he mention the very fine Cartoon of Raphael representing the Massacre of the Innocents, that was in the possession of the late ingenious Mr. Hoare of Bath.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, November 21.

EVERY thing was welcome to me in your kind letter, except the occasion of it, the confinement you are under. I am glad you count the days when I do not see you: but it was but half an one that I was in town upon business with Dr. Mead, and returned to render an account of it.

I shall in the course of the winter probably be an evening visitant to you, if you sit at home, though I hope it will not be by compulsion or lameness. We may take a cup of sack together, and chatter like two parrots, which are at least more reputable and man-like animals than the grasshoppers, to which Homer likens old men.

I am glad you sleep better. I sleep in company, and wake at night, which is vexatious: if you did so, you at your age would make verses. As to my health, it will never mend; but I will complain less of it, when I find it incorrigible.

But for the news of my quitting Twit'nam for Bath, enquire into my years, if they are past the bounds of dotage? Ask my eyes if they can see, and my nostrils if they can smell? To prefer rocks and dirt to flowery meads and silver Thames, and brimstone and fogs to roses and sun-shine. When I arrive at these sensations, I may settle at Bath, of which I never yet dreamt, further than to live just out of the sulphurous

pit, and at the edge of the fogs at Mr. Allen's, for a month or so. I like the place so little, that health itself should not draw me thither, though friendship has twice or thrice.

Having answered your questions, I desire to hear if you have any commands. If the first be to come to you, it's probably I shall, before you can send 'em so round about as to Twit'nam, for I have lived of late at Battersea. Adieu!

Yours, etc.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MR. BETHEL[1].

August 9, 1733.

You might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendship and sincere esteem were to be measured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write them, without saying something of my own condition, and of my loss of so old and so deserving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I must have kept a silence upon that head, which would not have suited that freedom and sincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is

[1] Hugh Bethel, Esq. was a gentleman of family and fortune in Yorkshire, who is celebrated in two fine lines in the Essay on Man, b. iv. l. 125. on account of the asthma with which he was afflicted. The late Alderman was of the same family; and the estate was lately held by Capt. C. Codrington, a brother of Sir William, who took the name of Bethel.

uneasy to me still, and I am therefore wandering about all this summer. I was but four days at Twickenham since the occasion that made it so melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley (whose master is your servant), and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst. I shall also see Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nham I shall forsake together. I wish I did not leave our friend[1], who deserves more quiet, and more health and happiness, than can be found in such a family. The rest of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradise. I heartily hope, Yorkshire is the same to you; and that no evil, moral or physical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my Essay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear), and yet I will not alter or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth I will not deny myself the greatest pleasure I am capable of receiving, because another may have the modesty not to share it. It is all a poor poet can do to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach: besides that, in this age, I see too few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You see what an interested man I am. Adieu.

[1] Mrs. B. W.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO ——[1].

September 7, 1733.

You cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the same sort of uneasiness as I find as Twit'nham, whenever I pass near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. . . I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the character they consider me in, as a wit; besides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cause of it), I'll put them out for nobody but a friend; and, I protest, it brings tears into them almost to write to you, when I think of your state and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greatest pain I know, is to say things so very short of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life fast enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at best useless, and for the most part unfelt speeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendship walks in this world, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but two or three (if quite so many) that any man's welfare, or memory, can be of consequence: the rest, I believe,

[1] Mrs. B. W.

I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not beforehand with me.

Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure but to lie down easy whenever the Night shall overtake us.

I dreamed all last night of ——. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my spirits: I saw a very deserving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the same misfortune; and (with all his good-breeding and sense) still bears a cloud and melancholy cast, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and conversation. I know another, who, I believe, could promise, and easily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one must do one's best, not to be used by the world as that poor lady was by her sister; and not seem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimsical.

It is a real truth, that to the last of my moments, the thought of you, and the best of my wishes for you, will attend you, told or untold.

I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you (the only way I ever shall leave you), you must determine; but reflect, that the first would make me, as well as yourself, happier; the latter could make you only so. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

I LITTLE doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

As for you, my good friend, I think, since our first acquaintance, there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies, that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendships; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last Request, that you will continue that Noble Disdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study

more to reform than chastise[3], though the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honoured, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have: pray, give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest wish of my friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your, etc.

LETTER L.

TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Distrust, but by any Vanity, much less any Interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity

[3] A very sensible and important piece of advice; which our Poet, however, did not follow, and gives his reasons for not observing his excellent friend's salutary admonition, in the succeeding Letter. But the reasons are not so solid as the admonition.

of a Last Request, shall have its due weight with me. That Disdain and Indignation against Vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: It is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best Laws, would prove of small use, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abstract, without touching Persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home Examples: Precepts only apply to our Reason, which in most men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and strike the Senses, nay raise the Passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been, that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some Charac-

ters[4] I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, 'tis evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of the day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an Insulter: and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an Assassination, as in a Libel[5]. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them; as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope I shall not forfeit it; for that of the Great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and, allow me

[4] The Character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. W.

[5] See the Letter to a Noble Lord, vol. iii. p. 339. W.

to remark, it was out of the suffering Party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my Panegyrics were incense worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest Princes and best Ministers, that moral Satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the Follies, as Historians did over the Vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure, in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false Taste and Affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caressed: and in the latter that Lucan was put to death[6], and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Request

[6] We must be compelled to own, that the integrity of *Lucan* and *Juvenal*, though not their Genius, was superior to that of Horace and Virgil; and that the Death of one, and the Exile of the other, confers on them more real honour, than all the favours lavished on the other *two* great *Court Poets*. Lucan, notwithstanding Quintilian thinks he ought to be numbered rather among Historians than Poets, is a writer that abounds in new and noble images, and in manly, patriotic sentiments.

which you make your last to me, and to perform it with Temper, Justice, and Resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy[7].

LETTER LI.

MR. MALLET TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

WHAT you are pleased to observe concerning the work I am engaged in (the Life of Marlborough), is a truth never out of my thoughts; whether I am alone or in company. When I am obliged to mix with the very futile conversation of the dullest of mankind, those who think and talk only from Magazines and Newspapers, even then, the recalling from time to time what I have learnt from your Lordship's conversation, preserves the tone of my mind, and brings up those trains of ideas which your Lordship's conversation has impressed deeply. But I am hastening home, to give myself up entirely to what will require all my application, as well as my severest

[7] This excellent person died Feb. 1734-5.

attention; and next week I propose myself the honour of kissing your Lordship's hands at Battersea.

Every mark of the friendship your Lordship is pleased to honour me with, will be received by me with equal regard and satisfaction. Nor can it be otherwise. No man ever reverenced the virtues, or admired the talents of another, more sincerely than I admire those which place you at the head of all your contemporaries; and yet *(for the sake of my country)* I could almost wish (I know your Lordship does heartily) that I had reason to share this veneration, amongst many, which is almost confined to one.

Warburton's impudent edition (for he has enlarged into *nine volumes* what the Author could but just with some art spin into *six*) I ran over during the two days I have stay'd in Bath, and I entirely agree with what your Lordship has resolved upon it. He has not only changed the situation of many verses in his Author, but has certainly fathered upon him some of his own. I know them by *the mark* of the beast.

Extract of a Letter of Dr. Warburton.

"With regard to Mr. Mallet's declaration, there is only one way to convince me he is not the Author of that infamous Libel, which is, by taking an opportunity of disowning it publicly. I think my honour concerned that it be publicly known, that I had no hand in the Letter to Lord Bolingbroke, merely on account of the Apollo Story, and I shall do it on the first occasion. If Mr. M. does not do the same with regard to this Libel, I shall consider him as the

Author of it, and act in consequence of this belief. This I desire you would let Mr. Mallet know, and, if he chooses, let him have a transcript of what I here say." On the back of the copy of this Letter Mr. Mallet wrote, "N. B. I never took the slightest notice of this impudent and silly threatening Letter from Warburton. The writer I had no reason to be afraid of —the man I abhorred. A head filled with paradoxes unproved and unproveable; a heart overflowing with virulence and the most studious malice. N. B. I never wrote a pamphlet, nor a sentence in any pamphlet, concerning this wrong-headed dogmatical pedant."

LETTER LII.

FROM MR. GAY TO MR. POPE.

ON THE THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

DEAR POPE,

Too late I see, and confess myself mistaken in relation to the Comedy; yet I do not think, had I followed your advice, and only introduced the mummy, that the absence of the crocodile had saved it. I can't help laughing myself (though the vulgar do not consider it was designed to look ridiculous), to think how the poor monster and mummy were dashed at their reception; and when the cry was loudest, I thought that if the thing had been written by another, I should have deemed the town in some measure mistaken; and as to your apprehension that

this may do us future injury, do not think of it; the Doctor has a more valuable name than can be hurt by any thing of this nature, and yours is doubly safe. I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, and indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved by you.

LETTER LIII.

I WILL not describe Blenheim in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it: only take a short account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it: I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress, below; and but two apartments above (very much inferior to them), in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you'd think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages; among which there are three vista's through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoiled by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There

are two ordinary staircases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the hall, which is indeed noble and well proportioned; and the cellars and offices underground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupola's and little turrets, that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste, is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors; and, as if it were fatal, that some trifling littleness should every where destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semi-circles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said, it was a great quarry of stones above ground.

We paid a visit to the Spring where Rosamond bathed herself; on a hill, where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and so hasten to conclude,

Your, etc.

LETTER LIV.

MR. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

My Lord, September 22, 1732.

It was a grief to me not to be able to snatch one day more to be happy with you, before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myself, within a week after, obliged to do that for business which I could not for pleasure, for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens*. I am extremely sensible, my Lord, of the many great distinctions you have shewn me, the original of all which I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my respect was too sincere to be exprest in poetry: and if, from the continuance of your good opinion, I may derive some imagination that you thought me not a worse man than a poet, it is a greater obligation to me personally, than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men I no less esteem and love the son, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite displeasing. If any objection to the manner of it occur to your Lordship, I depend on you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me so. Otherwise I will interpret your silence as a consent to let me acquaint every body that I am (what I truly feel myself), my Lord, your ever affectionate and obliged humble servant.

My Lady and Lady Margaret don't know how much I am theirs, unless your Lordship will tell them

you believe it of me; and my poor old woman heartily (though feebly) expresses her service to you all.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

My Lord, October 20, 1733.

I am returned a week since from my Lord Peterborow, with whom I past three weeks as agreeably and as healthfully as I ever did in my life. I was not a little disappointed to find your Lordship in London, though, considering the fine weather, and how late in the season you enjoyed it, I ought not to lament an absence which must both give you health and pleasure. Your house I found totally at my service, and took up my choice (like a young and ambitious man) in no room of it but Lady Margaret's. How much might I say upon that subject, were I a poet! but the misfortune of being what seldom consists with that character, a bashful and backward man, keeps me silent. I shall be little in town (if at all) till your return, and, in truth, since I came home, I have had my health so ill, that I must in a manner live by myself; and think I must either lead such a life as I did at Southampton, which is inconsistent with a town life, or lock myself up from all conversible hours while I am in town. I beg to hear a line of your satisfactions and amusements, for of your state of health I am daily informed by your honest porter: but the other he knows not, and I am

not quite contented without it. That all enjoyments may be yours, and all good things attend your whole worthy family, is the sincere prayer always of, my Lord, your faithfullest servant.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

My Lord, December 26, 1733.

I sincerely wish yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, the happiest New Years to come. I have so many things to tell you, that I can tell you none, and therefore I am inclined not to write at all. Whatever I can say of my zealous desires for your felicity, is short of the truth; and as to the rest, it is too long a story to begin till I have the pleasure to meet your Lordship, and can at the same time make an end of it.

This I writ a week ago, and having nothing more material to say, was ashamed to send it. But seeing they can't tell me when you return to town, I was resolved not to let the season pass without sending you all this poor wish at least. I hope my Lady Oxford is perfectly well, though I heard she has not been so, notwithstanding your porter has often told me all was well at Wimpole. Believe me to be with the truest esteem and unalterable sincerity, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, affectionate, and obliged servant.

If Lord Duplin be with you, I hope he will accept my humble services.

LETTER LVII.

TO JOHN VANDR. BEMPDEN, ESQ. PRESENT.

SIR, Thursday.

UPON what you told me when I was last to wait on you, I deferred treating further for the rent-charge, till you could be more certain what sum you could conveniently raise in present, towards the purchase. If there were only 3 or 400*l.* wanting, we would take your bond; for as to a mortgage on the rent-charge, my father is not qualified to take it; for by an Act of Parliament he cannot buy land, though he may sell. However, if you desire to make the purchase soon, I believe I have a friend who will lend you the 1000*l.* on the same security you offer us. If you have any other scruple, you'll please to tell it me fairly; but if this purchase be convenient to you, we shall think of treating with no other, and be ready upon your answer; since I think what I here propose, entirely accommodates all the difficulty you seem to be at. I am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. JERVAS.

No date.

I BEG you to let me know if you have any thoughts of your Devonshire journey this summer. If you have, I will stay for you, and let Mr. For-

tescue and Gay travel together. This resolution must be made with some haste, because they go next week, and I shall want time to prepare. I thought Mrs. Cecil had receipts before. The names of Lady Ranelagh and Lady Cavendish were inserted long since in the list.

You may tell Mr. Rollinson that Gay was not sure he should go to Lord Bolingbroke's when he came hither; or help him to some excuse, for his neglect was scandalous, and has given him much vexation of spirit.

I should have been glad to have had the Report of the Committee, and have since writ to Lintott for it. If the Whigs now say, that B. is the hero of my preface, the Tories said (you may remember) three years ago, that Cato was the hero of my poetry. It looks generous enough to be always on the side of the distressed; and my patrons of the other party may expect great panegyrics from me when they come to be impeached by the future party rage of their opponents. To compliment those who are *dead in law*, is as much above the imputation of flattery, as Tickell says it is, to compliment those who are really *dead*. And perhaps too there is as much *vanity* in my praising Bolingbroke, as in his praising Halifax. No people in the world are so apt to give themselves airs as authors.

I have received the report, but have not yet had time to read any of it. I have gone through the 5th, 6th, and 7th books, except a small part of the latter end of the 6th.—Pray tell me if you hear any thing said about Mr. Tickell's, or my translation,

if the town be not too much taken up with great affairs, to take any notice of either.

I hold the resolution I told you in my last, of seeing you if you cannot take a trip hither before I go. But I would fain flatter myself so far as to fancy we might travel together. Pray give me a line by Saturday's post.

I am at all times, and in all reigns, whatever be the fate of the world, or of myself, sincerely and affectionately, Dear Mr. JERVAS,

Yours, etc.

All here most truly your servants.

LETTER LIX.

TO JABEZ HUGHES[8], ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE read over again your brother's play[9], with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy.

The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever.

[8] This Letter to Mr. *Hughes*, with the excellent character of his deceased brother, being so contradictory to one addressed to Dean Swift, in which he says, The author of the Siege of Damascus was of the class of the mediocribus in prose and verse, made it necessary to sink the first.

[9] The Siege of Damascus, written by John Hughes, Esq. who died Feb. 17, 1719, the first night of its representation.

I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author.

I am, etc.

LETTER LX.

TO MR. DENNIS.

SIR, May 3, 1721.

I CALLED to receive the two books of your letters[1] from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I am in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the "omissions you have been pleased to make in those Letters in my favour, and sincerely join with you in the desire, that not the least traces may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I AM SORRY FOR." You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falseness, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXI.

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is to beg you would enquire of Mrs. Clark, if she will board a family for the summer in her

[1] These books were entitled, Original Letters, familiar, moral, and critical. In two volumes 8vo.

house, and at what rate? Be pleased also to ask at the house over against ours, Mr. Gascoin's sister, if she will board, &c. and how many beds there are to be let there, and the lowest rate? and send word by the first post you can to me. I am very well, and beg you both to believe me most affectionately,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE recovered the ten guineas at Sir Richard Hoare's. Dr. Arbuthnot says, since my mother is better, to cure the bitterness she complains of, she should chew rhubarb and snake-root, about half a dram each morning, for two or three days, instead of a vomit. But if she will venture a vomit, not. Carduus tea can do no harm, even if she should not vomit.

I have sold 500*l.* at 100*l.* which was bad luck, since it might have been parted with yesterday and to-day at 101*l.* and a half. I hope soon to see you, but desire an account how my mother does, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER LXIII.

TO HIS BROTHER.

DEAR BROTHER, Saturday.

I HOPE to be with you on Monday next: if you don't see me that night, I desire you to send a man and horse (such a one as I may ride safely) on Tuesday morning to the Toy by Hampton Court gate by ten o'clock, and I will not fail to wait upon you; which being all the business of this letter, I shall add no more, than that I am my sister's and

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER LXIV.

TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, August 1.

THE business of this is to acquaint you with my intentions of sending for you with the chariot on Thursday or Friday next, in order to get you hither. I have named the latest day that I could possibly allow you to stay from us, being obliged to lend the chariot upon a journey on Saturday. We will take no denial, and therefore expect no excuse, or answer to the contrary, from you. If I hear nothing (as I hope I shan't), it shall certainly come one of the days aforesaid: so pray be in readiness. My hearty love to you both, and my mother's kindest remembrances. I am always, dear sister,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXV.

FROM MRS. M. BLOUNT.

SIR, Sunday Morning.

MY sister and I shall be at home all day: if any company come that you don't like, I'll go up into any room with you: I hope we shall see you.

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXVI.

TO MR. GAY.

DEAR MR. GAY,

ABOVE all other news, send us the best, that of your good health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. Harcourt made us very much fear. If you have any design either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their customs, and learn their prayers by heart as we have done: the Doctor, last Sunday, intending to say Our Father, was got half way in Chryses' prayer to Apollo. The ill effects of contention and squabbling, so lively described in the first Iliad, make Dr. Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary union in every thing. We deserve to be

worshipped by all the poor, divided, factious, interested poets of this world.

As we rise in our speculations daily, we are grown so grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a severity of aspect from deep meditation on high subjects, equal to the formidable front of black-browed Jupiter, and become an awful nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty proposition of the Doctor, or inforce a criticism of my own. In a word, Y—g himself has not acquired more tragic majesty in his aspect by reading his own verses, than I by Homer's.

In this state I cannot consent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling burlesque you write about. Dr. Parnelle also joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost fidelity and esteem) my hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and to Mr. Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliast!

THY LOVING COUNTRYMAN.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, October 23.

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy, that the immortality of the soul has been my constant specu-

lation, as the mortality of my body my constant plague. In good earnest, Seneca is nothing to a fit of illness.

Dr. Parnelle will honour Tonson's Miscellany with some very beautiful copies, at my request. He enters heartily into our design: I only fear his stay in town may chance to be but short. Dr. Swift much approves what I proposed, even to the very title, which I design shall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, published monthly, in which whatever book appears that deserves praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern critics take to under-value works of value, and to commend the high productions of Grub-street.

I shall go into the country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your poem of the Fan, to consider it at full leisure. I am deeply engaged in poetry, the particulars whereof shall be deferred till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr. Fortescue when he comes to town, before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good-nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXVIII.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

My Deare, Tuesday, 12 o'clock.

A letter from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charls Rackitt, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to cole here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster. He shall dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street; but the day will be unsirton, soe I thinck you had better to send itt to me. He will not faile to cole here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your sister is very well, but your brother is not. Theres Mr. Blunt, of *mapill Durom*, is ded; the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. My sirvis to Mrs. Blunts, and all that ask of me. I hope to here from you, and that you are well, which is my dalye prayers; this, with my blessing,

I am, etc.

☞ *It appears from manuscripts of Mr.* Pope, *that he occasionally indulged his affectionate and amiable mother in transcribing some part of his* Iliad *for the press; and the numerous corrections made in his own hand, sufficiently shew, that her mode of spelling gave him more trouble than the subsequent inaccuracy of his printers. The pleasure such a good old woman must have felt in writing over verses, which she justly thought would confer immortality on her son, is more easy to be conceived than expressed; while his willing-*

ness to support her in the enjoyment of a fancied consequence, affords a glimpse of filial tenderness, which forms perhaps the most captivating trait in his whole character.

LETTER LXIX.

FROM MR. TONSON.

SIR, Gray's-Inn-Gate, April 20, 1706.

I HAVE lately seen a pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXX.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, December 23, 1724.

I CANNOT possibly see you at Twitnam myself. I have therefore sent you the Preface from Lord Cobham, and a proof of the Monument with the draft. I request the favour of you to settle the In-

scription as you would have it, and return it to me, then the plate may be worked. I do assure you I shall always be very glad to oblige and serve you all in my power, and am,

Your, etc.

I was with the Speaker yesterday; he told me you had promised to dine with him at Chiswick in the holydays, and bring your Preface (with some alterations) with you. After that, I beg to have it, for I am impatient to publish.

LETTER LXXI.

FROM THE SAME.

You have, enclosed, the account of the profit of ——works. For the books sold I have allowed you all the money I have received, and the binding etc. I have charged at the price it cost me. You will please to call and bring with you the agreement between us, which may be executed.—I will give you my note to deliver the books left when required. I wish you would send me the Merchant of Venice by the waterman.

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXII.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, eleven at night.

I HAVE just now received yours, and indeed it is not my fault I have not seen you, having been hindered by business I could not help minding; but I will not fail seeing you on Sunday morning early, but must return to dinner, having a little company to dine with me that day. Do but excuse me till I see you, and I will satisfy you that I have not neglected you. As for Shakspear, Watts's brother died lately, which has hindered his business a little; but now things will go on better.

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. LINTOTT.

SIR,

PRAY send Mr. Broom the sheets of all the notes that are printed, that he may avoid the exceptions, etc. but I would not have the poetry sent, knowing the consequences of its being shewn about to every body before it's published, which I will not have done; nor, I suppose, would you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXIV.

FROM MR. LINTOTT.

SIR, June 10, 1715.

You have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour.—It is already condemned here, and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics.

Sir John Germain has his book.

All your books are delivered pursuant to the directions, the middle of the week after you left us.

The Princess is extremely pleased with her book.

You shall have your folios preserved.

Mr. Broom I have not heard from.

Pray detain me not from publishing my own book, having delivered the greatest part of the subscribers already upwards of four hundred.

I designed to publish Monday sevennight. Pray interrupt me not with an errata.

I doubt not the sale of Homer, if you do not disappoint me by delaying publication.

Your, etc.

Service to Mr. Gay.

Lord Bolingbroke is impeached this night.

The noise the report makes does me some present damage.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, June 22, 1715.

THE hurry I have been in by the report from the Committee of Secrecy, to get it published, has prevented the publication of Homer for the present, till the noise be over; and those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation, are buried in politics.

Mr. Thornhill sent to me for his own book, which he paid for to you, as he says, and paid me eight guineas of the subscriptions of

Sarah, Countess of Winchelsea.
Mrs. Seymour.
Berkley Seymour, Esq.
Charles Frotherby, Esq.

Mr. Harcourt and Lord Harcourt have had thirteen books to their house, ten of which were of the finest paper.

I will observe your directions about Mr. Broome. The second volume of Homer shall be sent in a day or two.

The project for printing the first book of Homer, with Mr. Dryden's, and Mr. Tickle's, and Mr. Manwarring's, together, is well thought of. I proposed it to Mr. Tonson, but it will not do. I will consider farther of it.

The Duke of Ormond is to be impeached for high-

treason, and Earl of Stafford for high crimes and misdemeanors.

May success attend your studies, is the hearty prayer of

Yours, to command.

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. STEELE TO MR. LINTOTT.

MR. LINTOTT, August 4, 1712.

MR. ADDISON desired me to tell you, that he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account[2]. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings[3], he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall leave no just reason to complain of. But when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.

I am,

Your, etc.

[2] Of the frenzy of Mr. John Den—. A narrative written by Mr. Pope. See his Letter to Mr. Addison of July 30, 1714.

[3] Remarks upon Cato.

LETTER LXXVII.

MR. FENTON TO MR. LINTOTT.

MR. LINTOTT, September 14, 1719.

PRAY give my most humble service to Mr. Pope, and tell him, I beg the favour of him to let me know when he comes to town, what morning I shall wait on him at his lodging; for I walk out in a morning so often, that I may therewise lose an opportunity of of seeing him.

Lib. xxii. ver. 132. The first part of Dacier's note is taken from Eustathius; but instead of Aurelius Victor and Dion, he quotes Herodotus, without mentioning the book he takes it from.

Ver. 467. I cannot find that Eustathius assigns the same reasons that Mm. does, why Apollo and Neptune do not fight with one another.

Your, etc.

I will endeavour to find out the passage abovementioned in Herodotus.

LETTER LXXVIII.

FROM MR. FENTON.

I HAVE received a specimen of the extracts from Eustathius but this week. The first gentleman who undertook the affair, grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jesus, has recommended another to me

with a very great character[4]. I think, indeed, at first sight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a book every month till Christmas and the remaining books in a month more, if you acquire them. The last time I saw Mr. Lintott, he told me that Mr. Broome had offered his service again to you; if you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the rest.

I am, etc.

I have here inclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep 'em till I receive your orders. I have desired the gentleman to write the rest in folio, with half the page left blank.

LETTER LXXIX.

FROM MR. WYCHERLEY.

February 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you. It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not informed me of your want of health; but you, who have a mind so vigorous, may well be content with its crazy habitation; since (you know)

[4] This was Dr. Jortin.

the old similitude says, the keenness of the mind soonest wears out the body, as the sharpest sword soonest destroys the scabbard: so that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your apprehension of an uneasy life, though I hope not a short one; notwithstanding that generally your sound wits (though weak bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that genius which shortens your present life, to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active mind will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy carcass.

Now to say something to what you write concerning the present epidemic distemper of the mind and age, calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our lives) than a fever or an ague; and, as often those distempers attend or threaten the best constitutions, from the worst air; so does that malignant air of calumny soonest attack the sound and elevated in mind, as storms of wind the tallest and most fruitful trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are by their weakness secure from the danger and violence of the tempest. But so much for stinking rumour, which weakest minds are most afraid of; as Irishmen, though the nastiest of mankind, are most offended at a fart.

LETTER LXXX.

FROM MR. TRUMBULL.

SIR, June 15, 1706.

IT is alwayes to my advantage to correspond with you; for I either have the use of your bookes, or (which I value much more) your conversation. I am sure it will be my fault If I do not improve by both. I wish also I could learn some more skill in gardning from your father (to whome with your good mother all our services are presented, with thankes for the hartichokes) who has set us a pattern that I am afraid we shall copie but in miniature; for so our hartichokes are in respect of his. In all things I am ready to yield, except in the assurances that nobody can be more than I am,

Yours, etc.

Poor Jeunie is still afflicted with her ague.

LETTER LXXXI.

FROM MR. WALSH.

SIR, Abberley, July 21, 1707.

HAVING received the favour of your letter of the third of this month, wherein you give me hopes of seeing you before the end of it, I am in dayly expectation of receiving your commands to send a coach or horses to meet you at Worcester, and not put you to the inconvenience of such horses as you

will finde at the post-house. It was nothing but the fear that you should not send me word time enough for me to send horses to meet you, that makes me give you the trouble of this letter. And I expect no other answer but to that point, as for all others

Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni.

Your, etc,

LETTER LXXXII.

FROM MR. STEELE.

DEAR SIR, January 20, 1711.

I HAVE received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your Essay[5], I have no pretence to; it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXIII.

FROM THE SAME.

SIR, July 26, 1711.

I WRIT to you the other day, and hope you have received my letter. This is for the same end, to

[5] Essay on Criticism.

know whether you are at leisure to help Mr. Clayton, that is, *me*, to some words for music against winter.

Your answer to me at Will's, will be a great favour to, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXIV.

FROM MR. ROWE.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, May 20, 1713.

I DON'T know that I have a long time received a billet with greater pleasure than yours. Depend upon it, nothing could have been more agreeable but yourself. To do something then that is perfectly kind, come and eat a bit of mutton with me to-morrow at Stockwell. Bring whom you will along with you, though I can give you nothing "but the aforesaid mutton and a cup of ale." It is but a little mile from Fox-hall; and you don't know how much you will oblige

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXV.

FROM MR. CARYLL.

W. Grinsted, July 16, 1717.

I HAVE not had a word from your holiness since my last to you, nor any account of the receipt of some pictures that I desired you to get framed and

secured. This, and the earnest desire I have of kissing your toe at Grinstead, or rather a pretty lady's cheek (whom you talked of as a companion in your journey), occasions you the trouble of this, to know the reason why you flag in your good resolutions, or rather in the execution of them. But I enjoy you in spirit, though I cannot in person; for your works are my daily lecture, and with what satisfaction I need not repeat to you. But pray in your next tell me who was the *unfortunate Lady* you address a copy of verses to. I think you once gave me her history, but it is now quite out of my head. But now I have named such a person, Mrs. Cope occurs to my mind. I have complied with her desires, though I thinke a second voyage to such a rascall is the most preposterous thing imaginable; but *mulierem fortem quis inveniet!* 'Tis harder to find than the man Diogenes lookt for with a candle and lantern att noon-day. Adieu. I am, most abruptly, but most sincerely,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXVI.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, August, 18, 1717.

WHEN yours of the 6th instant arrived here, I was gott into the East, not among the wyse men of that corner, butt amidst the fools of Tunbridge. My stay with them was butt of four days, butt I had spent the three preceding ones, I think, in worse company, the

knaves of the law att our country assizes at Lewes. A cause called me thither, which, though I gained, I may brag of like my brother Teague, that it was just nothing att all, nor had I gott that neither had I not bestirred my stumps.

When my pictures are done, be pleased to order them down to Ladyholt by the Stansted carrier, who inns in Gerrard-street.—You answer not my question who the *unfortunate Lady* was that you inscribe a copy of verses to in your book. I long to be retould her story, for I believe you allreddy tould me formerly; but I shall referr that and a thousand other things more to chatt over at our next meeting, which I hope draws near; presume my wife has fixed on a time with my dear Patty, to whom I pray my humble service, as also to her fair sister. I am in more haste, or rather hurry, than usual, but not lesse,

Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXVII.

FROM MR. HUGHES.

Red Lion-Street, Holborn, against
East-Street, Jan. 22, 1719.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very sorry to hear of your ill health, and that my message came so unseasonable as to give you so much trouble to answer it. I hope by your mentioning your coming to town, that you are on the mending hand, and that the spring coming on will

be favourable to you. If you should not come in a day or two, I must beg your return of the copy, which is much wanted, the time of acting drawing very near. Your not being in a condition to supply me with a Prologue is a great disappointment to me, but I should much rather chuse my Play should want that advantage, than put you to any trouble at present which may be prejudicial; being with a true respect,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FROM MR. CRAGGS.

Cockpit, October 1, 1719.

I was yesterday out of town, and came directly here this morning, where I received your letter, enclosed in a very fine one from Sir Godfrey Kneller. You'll easily imagine how much I am concerned at the accident which has befallen him; but I comfort myself, since his hand and head, which I could least have spared, remain in their former vigour and condition. I don't see why this misfortune is to be completed by the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot's and your good company, which you'll give me leave to expect tomorrow at Battersea, when we will drink Sir Godfrey's health, and make a new appointment against his recovery.

I am entirely, dear Sir,

Yours.

LETTER LXXXIX.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM MR. EVANS.

DEAR SIR, St. John's, Oxon, May 13, 1719.

'TIS not that I forget you or disrespect you, but knowing you to be a man of true business, I thought it too impertinent to trouble you with any of mine; but now I understand you are at leisure, have at you as far as this half sheet will hold. In the first place I am very well satisfied you have done for me what you are able, and I heartily thank you, and beg your pardon, and very much blush for having given you any trouble of this kind with a sort of men you know as much what to make of as I. I don't know how they are in your church, but in ours, to tell you the truth, all the clergymen I ever yet saw are a sort of ecclesiastical *quelques choses*, that between common honesty and common sense I know not what to make of. They preach indeed passive obedience, but their practice is active insolence and impudent injustice; and when the laity use them as they use one another, there will be an end of 'em—*Cætera desunt.*

LETTER XC.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, St. John's Oxon, July 26, 1719.

I SHOULD much sooner have sent you my acknowledgment and thanks for the very kind reception I

met with from you at your pleasant house at Twickenham, but in troth it has been so very hot, that I could neither write, read, or think, but only lie still, swim, or sleep; and am still so monstrously lazy, that you must expect but a dry short letter from me; no gallantry or gaiety, but only a little downright good breeding and civility. I hope this will find your good mother settled in her health, and also yourself, as much as her age and your constitution will permit. If wishes had any power in medicine, I could soon make you both immortal; for she very well deserves it for furnishing the world with you; and you have yourself made your name immortal enough. I wish only that your body might come in for a small share of that noble blessing, if it were only for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I wish the same to your good friend the Duchess; that she might live to teach people of quality all the good qualities in the world. I write as I talk, and speak as I think; and am, with great sincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCI.

FROM MR. CONGREVE.

SIR, Ashley, Monday.

I HAD designed to have waited on you to-day, but have been out of order since Saturday, as I have been most of the summer; and as the days are now, unless I am able to rise in a morning, it will be hard

to go and come, and have any pleasure between the whiles. The next day after I had known from you where Lady Mary was, I sent to know how she did; but by her answer I perceive she has the goodness for me to believe I have been all this summer here, though I had been here but a fortnight, when you came to see me. Pray give her my most humble service. If I can, I will wait on you. I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCII.

FROM THE SAME.

Surrey-Street, Jan. 29.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your letter about Spaw-water. Dr. Arbuthnot has ordered me at present to drink salt-water, so I cannot expressly say when I shall want the Spaw; but if the person mentioned by you, imports any quantity for himself at any time, I shall be glad to know of it. I am sorry you did not keep your word in letting me see you a second time. I am always, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCIII.

FROM DR. YOUNG.

DEAR SIR, May 2.

HAVING been often from home I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me, but be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last, a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much, but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a *trifle of this nature* may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to take any farther step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear from you at your entire leisure.

I am, etc.

LETTER XCIV.

LORD PETERBOROW TO MR. POPE.

SIR,

IF I can make a party with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Harcourt to dine at Parsons Green, you will give me leave to send my coach for you. Pray doe me the favour to send me the breadth and depth of the marble field. You may have it measured by moon-light by a ten-foot rod; or any body used to grounds will make a meer guesse by passing it over.

Your, etc.

LETTER XCV.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER TO MR. POPE.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE your genus dos and will know myn is with the most acceptable and most accomplished company to-morrow; for my body is in no condition to stirr out of my bed as jet, and has had no rest these two nights but what it snatches and gets in the day times by fits; and I believe my left lag will be out of order a good wyle. Pray give my hearty good will to the compa. for the deeds, and my most humble servis, being ever yours.

LETTER XCVI.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR FRIEND,

I FIND them pictures are so very fresh, being painted in three collers, and ought to be near a fier several days; for as they are, it is impracticable to put them where you intend. It would be pitty they should take dust. Jenny stays here 8 or 10 days, and will not fail of sending them when reddy; and I am, giving my hearty and humble servis to your dear mother, dear Mr. Pope,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCVII.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I BELIEVE this will be card playrs evning, and we may do how we please. If you come about 4 a clock, you may see me paint. To-morrow I am engaged to goe to Harrow the Hill with company, being ever, dear friend,

Your, etc.

LETTER XCVIII.

FROM THE SAME.

From Great Queen-Street,
SIR, June 16, 1719,

I AM in towne, and have louck'd for beds and bedsteads, which must cost ten pounds a year. When I promised to provide them you had maid no mention of the towne rates, which I am to pay, and will be 5 pounds a year at least, and which would be 15 pounds *per annum* whit the beds; and that house did let for 45 a year when I bought it; so that all I have laid out being near 400 pound, would be done for nothing, of which you will consider and let me know your mind. The stables are fitted as you gentlemen ordered them to be, and all the painting will be done to-morrow or Thursday, with whenscoating in the quickest manner and best; and

if you can stay till Saturday let me know your pleasure about the beds and bedsteads, for them I cannot provide. You may have 6, of which two are to have courtins, for 10 pounds a year; and am, giving my most humble respects to my Lady Mery Whortly,

Your, etc.

I thought one might have such beds and bedsteads for 4 or 5 pounds a-year; and which I would have done if no rates prop.

LETTER XCIX.

MR. JERVAS TO MR. POPE.

DEAR MR. POPE, August 12, 1715, London.

I WOULD not have failed by Tuesday's post, but that the Doctor could not be near positive as to the time, but yesterday we met on horseback and took two or three turns near the camp, partly to see my new horse's going, and partly to name something like the day of setting forth, and the manner thereof: viz. that on Thursday next (God willing) Doctor A———, Dr. Disney, and C. Jervas, rendezvous at Hyde-Park-corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's, at Eggam, to lodge there on Friday, to meet with Mr. Pope upon the road to proceed together to Lord Stowell's, and there also to lodge. The next day, Saturday, to Sir William Windham's, and to rest there the Lord's Day. On Monday, forward

again towards Bath, or Wilton, or as we shall then agree. The Doctor proposes that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage to be sent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The Doctor says he will allow none of his friends so much as a night gown or slippers for the road, so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to make room for that. You shall have a shorter and less bridle sent down on Saturday, and the other shall be returned in due time. The taylor shall be chastised if 'tis really negligence in his art, but if 'tis only vapours, you must beg pardon. The linnen and stockings out of your portmanteau may go with the bridle. I forgot to tell you that the third day is to be Oxford University, and the Monday following to Sir W. Windham's.

The French king has been indisposed, and methinks he is in an ill way, &c.—Service to every body.

Your, etc.

LETTER C.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR MR. P. Tuesday 2.

THOUGH I have not a syllable to say of more certainty than the last post, yet I write.—I hold myself in readiness, in spite of a demand for pictures.

The Counsellor Bick—— has purchased a nag for his equipage, and waits our motions. He was here

yesterday, and to-morrow, Wensday evening, we are to taste Devonshire cyder with Mr. Applestone at his lodgings.

The Court opiniate it that the P—— is coming.—They have no account of Ormond's arrival in France, though they have certain intelligence that he went off at Shoreham, in Sussex, ten days ago. I design to know Arbuthnot's determination to-morrow.—Service to every body.

I am, etc.

LETTER CI.

FROM THE SAME.

Wensday, 11 o'Clock at Noon.

Lady Mary W——y ordered me by an express this Wensday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuvio,* to send you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening. Gay designed to have been with you to-day, and I would have had him delivered this welcome message, but he durst not venture to answer for your coming upon his asseverations, you having interchangeably so accustomed yourselves to lying, that you cannot believe one another, though upon never so serious an occasion. He will be ready to go back with you. Fortescue's service and mine to all. We are

Yours, etc.

LETTER CII.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I INTENDED to have breakfasted with James Eckersall at Drayton, but heard by the way of his being in London, so I jogg'd to Hammersmith in 5 hours and a half without drawing bit. Yesterday I gave a printed proposal to Lord Halifax, and spoke to the Duke of Devonshire to join my Lord Wharton's interest, and move your affair, that we may set 'em a going about the counties.

I have not yet seen the dear Archdeacon, who is at his old lodgings in St. James's place, nor the Dean; but have just read a thing entitled a Prefatory Epistle, concerning some remarks to be published on Homer's Iliad, occasioned by the proposals of Mr. Pope towards a new English Version of that poem—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's—by Richd. Fiddes, B. D. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.—'Αμάρτημ' εὐγενές—Long.—To Mr. Pope from the author, in manuscript.—All the foregoing elegances at proper distances, and Italianized according to form. It came too late for the coach, and is too big for my privileges of frank---8vo. 120 pages---marbled paper.

I find so many party strokes in it, that I am afraid it may do your proposals more harm than good.

My Lord Halifax talked of a design to send for you to Bushy-Park, I believe with a coach-and-six, or light chaise, but did not name the precise time.—

I publish your having done the first book and begun —I received the cloak bag safe—I hope you did not pay carriage. I can't yet guess when I shall be ready for Sir William's service.

I am, etc.

LETTER CIII.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR MR. POPE,

I HAD your last in due time.

Shall I send you the 100*l.* in bills or cash? and when?

Gay had a copy of the Farewell, with your injunctions. No other extant.

Lord Harvey had the Homer and letter, and bids me thank the author.

I hear nothing of the Sermon. The generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him.

Gay will be with you on Saturday next. He also works hard.

Your old sword went with the carrier, and was tyed to the other things with a cord, and my folks say very fast. You must make the carrier responsible. Mine will swear to the delivery, &c.

No books for you from Lintot.

Mrs. Raines, a young lady in the city, and one of my shepherdesses, takes one of the volumes, has paid her 2 guineas, and is to be a subscriber in your next list.

I also got 2 guineas from the Marquis of Dorchester.

Philip sent me a note for receipts to be conveyed to the 11 members of the late Hanover club. Pray let me have their names by the first. I send to Mr. Merrils to day, &c.

Lintot sent me Tickell's Homer for your government. I could not forbear comparing, and do not know what the devil is got into my head, but I fancy I could make a more poetical translation in a fortnight (excepting a very few lines).

It seems it's publisht merely to show as a specimen of his ability for the Odysses. Fortescue would have Gay publish a version of the first book of the Odysses, and tell the world 'tis only to bespeak their approbation and favour for a translation of Statius, or any other poet. In short, we are merry, whether we are wise or no.—My respects to dear Sir William, and his good lady and son, and am concerned for any deficiency in his countenance, but I am in no pain for the paltry Basso Relievo.

Yours, etc.

LETTER CIV.

FROM * * * *.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Night.

I REALLY intended to have been with you today; but having been disappointed yesterday of meeting Mr. Selwyn, and going to the Exchequer

about my salary to-day, and to Mrs. Howard's to meet him, made it too late; so that I made a visit this morning to Mr. Congreve, where I found Lord Cobham. They both enquired kindly for you, and wished to see you soon. Mr. Fortescue could not have come with me, but intends the latter end of next week to see you at Twickenham. I have seen our friend Dean Berkeley, who was very solicitous about your health and welfare. He is now so full of his Bermudas project, that he hath printed his proposal, and hath been with the Bishop of London about it. Mrs. Howard desired me to tell you that she had a present of beech-mast, which this year hath been particularly good. When 'tis wanted she would have you send to her. I writ to you yesterday, and am in hopes that Mrs. Pope will soon be so well that you may be able to come to town for a day or so about your business. I really am this evening very much out of order with the cholic, but I hope a night's rest will relieve me. I wish Mrs. Pope and you all health and happiness. Pray give my service to her.

LETTER CV.

FROM MR. PITT, THE TRANSLATOR OF VIRGIL, TO MR. SPENCE.

DEAR JO, July 18, Blandford, 1726.

I AM entering into proposals with a bookseller for printing a little miscellany of my own performances, consisting of some originals and select Translations.

I beg you to be altogether silent in the matter. Mr. Pope has used so little of the 23d Odyssey that I gave Dr. Younge, that if I put it in among the rest I shall hardly incur any danger of the penalty concerning the patent. However, I will not presume to publish a single line of it after Mr. Pope's Translation, if you advise me (as I desire you to do sincerely) to the contrary. I shall send you a small specimen of my Translation, which if you approve of, I can assure you the remainder of the book is not inferior to it.

THE nurse all wild with transport seem'd to swim,
Joy wing'd her feet and lighten'd every limb;
Then to the room with speed impatient borne
Flew with the tidings of her lord's return.
There bending o'er the sleeping Queen, she cries,
Rise, my Penelope, my daughter, rise
To see Ulysses thy long absent spouse,
Thy soul's desire and lord of all thy vows:
Tho' late, he comes, and in his rage has slain,
For all their wrongs, the haughty suitor train.
Ah Euryclea, she replies, you rave;
The gods resume that reason which they gave;
For Heav'n deep wisdom to the fool supplies,
But oft infatuates and confounds the wise.
And wisdom once was thine! but now I find
The gods have ruin'd thy distemper'd mind.
How could you hope your fiction to impose?
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
How could you break a sleep with talk so vain
That held my sorrows in so soft a chain?
A sleep so sweet I never could enjoy
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy:
Curst Troy—oh! why did I thy name disclose?
Thy fatal name awakens all my woes:
But fly—some other had provok'd my rage,
And you but owe your pardon to your age.
No artful tales, no studied lies, I frame,
Ulysses lives (rejoins the rev'rend dame)

In that dishonour'd stranger's close disguise,
Long has he past all unsuspecting eyes,
All but thy son's—and long has he suppress
The well-concerted secret in his breast;
Till his brave father should his foes defeat,
And the close scheme of his revenge complete.
  Swift as the word the Queen transported sprung,
And round the dame in strict embraces hung;
Then as the big round tears began to roll,
Spoke the quick doubts and hurry of her soul.
  If my victorious hero safe arrives,
If my dear lord Ulysses still survives,
Tell me, oh tell me, how he fought alone?
How were such multitudes destroy'd by one?
  Nought I beheld, but heard their cries, she said,
When death flew raging, and the suitors bled:
Immur'd we listen'd, as we sat around,
To each deep groan and agonizing sound.
Call'd by thy son to view the scene I fled,
And saw Ulysses striding o'er the dead!
Amidst the rising heaps the hero stood
All grim, and terribly adorn'd with blood.

This is enough in conscience for this time; besides I am desired by Mr. Pope or Mr. Lintot, I don't know which, to write to Mr. Pope on a certain affair.

LETTER CVI.

MR. POPE TO DR. PARNELLE.

DEAR SIR, London, July 29.

I WISH it were not as ungenerous as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me, but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence; I call it inhuman; nor would you

think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you that both Mr. Gay and myself have written several Letters in vain; that we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most agreeable hours. All this is true; as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence; and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all, of your splenetic hours; come and be a comforter in your turn to me, in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year; whether I do or not, be ever assured, you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride

to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you with what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend Jervas, the bearer of this, will inform you of all particulars concerning me; and Mr. Ford is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you, on my part. They will both tax you with the neglect of some promises which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love you, and am, in spite of the longest neglect or absence, Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

Gay is in Devonshire, and from thence he goes to Bath; my father and mother never fail to commemorate you.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Binfield, near Oakingham,
Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE the hurry you were in hindered your giving me a word by the last post, so that I am yet to learn whether you got well to town, or continue so there. I very much fear both for your health and your quiet; and no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either, than my-

self. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that, at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that, however your business may depend upon any other, my business depends entirely upon you, and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you, to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you, Eustathius with nine hundred pages, and nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view! Spondanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes, Barne's two, Valterie's three, Cuperus, half in Greek; Leo Allatius three parts in Greek; Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worse than them all) Aulus Gellius! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head-ach. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good-natured man; but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all the poets and commentators, who have gone before me, but be damned myself, by all who come after me. To be serious, you have not only left me to the last degree impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here); but you have

wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person; and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England; even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for aught I know) would even marry Dennis for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I, a hackney scribbler; you are a Grecian, and bred at an University; I, a poor Englishman, of my own educating; you are a reverend parson; I, a wag: in short, you are Dr. Parnelle (with an E at the end of your name), and I,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
and faithful servant.

My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Ford, and the true genuine shepherd J. Gay, of Devon. I expect him down with you.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart; the picture of you, which Jervas brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through those woods and downs where we once rambled together; my head is sometimes at the Bath, and sometimes at Letcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend Jervas's example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do, as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business then any such men as you (that is divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. Gay's play, among the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that authors have raised against it; the best revenge upon such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your Zoilus, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of

it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom;* for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account; and this as soon as possible. Inform me also upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have yourself, etc. I scarce see any thing to be altered in this whole piece; in the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me; the story of Pandora, and the Eclogue upon Health, are two of the most beautiful things I ever read. I don't say this to the prejudice of the rest, but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr. Ward, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give (which I'll beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of); you must look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die to discharge the debt I owe to Homer, and get upon the whole just fame enough, to serve for an an-

nuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend Jervas (in the greatest hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat the assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship, and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

Your, etc.

LETTER CIX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,

THOUGH my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops and for this paper. The poets will give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites; and though few, you will guess must have cost me more pains than any nymphs can be worth. He is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful

upon canvass as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. P—— should omit to write for the dear frogs, and the Pervigilium, I must intreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, etc. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of those triflers that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both now you are together. Fortescue, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur très-humble,

C. JERVAS.

IT is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time a day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have with my good friends remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange-Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's: I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. Gay has got so much money by walking the streets, that he is ready to set up his equipage; he is just going to the Bank to negociate some exchange bills. Mr. Pope delays his second volume of his Homer till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged

that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean; *fuimus* Tories; I can say no more.

ARBUTHNOT.

WHEN a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above-writing: their love to you indeed wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth (after the manner of Rabelais, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning); and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, etc. till time, place, and conveniency, concur to set them a-writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation do, to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

Wherein if I should say nothing I should say much (much being included in my love), though my love be such, that if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as Cowley says) equally impossible either to conceal or to express it.

If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of Zoilus with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not the prose is as excellent in its sort, as the Essay on Homer. Nothing can be more glorious to that great

author, than that the same hand which raised his best statue, and decked it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scare-crow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of Zoilus, to the terror of the writings of posterity. More, and much more, upon this and a thousand other subjects will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be content with telling you, I am faithfully, your most affectionate and humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST own I have long owed you a letter, but you must own you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides I have but two people in the whole kingdom of Ireland to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have several who complain of your neglect in England. Mr. Gay complains, Mr. Harcourt complains, Mr. Jervas complains, Mr. Arbuthnot complains, my Lord complains; I complain. (Take notice of this figure of iteration, when you make your next sermon). Some say, you are in deep discontent at the new turn of affairs; others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with

Pope (whose friends they observe daily fall from him, on account of his satirical and comical disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the opinion of the ingenious Mr. What-do-ye-call-him. Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the press, and others that you will transform them into essays, and moral discourses. But the only excuse that I will allow you is, your attention to the life of *Zoilus*. The frogs already seem to croak for their transportation to England, and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and hated, who introduced their species into your nation; therefore, as you dread the wrath of St. Patrick, send them hither, and rid your kingdom of those pernicious and loquacious animals.

I have at length received your poem out of Mr. Addison's hands, which shall be sent as soon as you order it, and in what manner you shall appoint. I shall, in the mean time, give Mr. Tooke a packet for you, consisting of divers merry pieces; Mr. Gay's new farce; Mr. Burnet's Letter to Mr. Pope; Mr. Pope's Temple of Fame; Mr. Thomas Burnet's Grumbler on Mr. Gay; and the Bishop of Ailsbury's Elegy, written either by Mr. Cary or some other hand. *Mr. Pope is reading a letter, and in the mean time I make use of the pen,* to testify my uneasiness in not hearing from you. I find success, even in the most trivial things, raises the indignation of scribblers: for I, for my What-d'-ye-call-it, could neither escape the fury of Mr. Burnet, or the German Doctor; then where will rage end, when Homer is to be translated? Let *Zoilus* hasten to your

friend's assistance, and envious criticism shall be no more. I am in hopes that we order our affairs so, as to meet this summer at the Bath; for Mr. Pope and myself have thoughts of taking a trip thither. You shall preach, and we will write lampoons, for it is esteemed as great an honour to leave the Bath for fear of a broken head, as for a Terræ Filius of Oxford to be expelled. I have no place at court, therefore, that I may not entirely be without one every where, shew that I have a place in your remembrance.

Your most affectionate faithful servants,

A. Pope and J. Gay.

Homer will be published in three weeks.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

AARON HILL, ESQ.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

THE little thing which you take so kindly, is but a very small part of what I owe you; and whatever my studies, or (to use a proper word) idleness, are capable of producing, ought to be returned you in mere gratitude for the pleasure I have received from your own writings: in which give me leave to say, your good-will to me in particular is as distinguishable, as the obligation you lay on the public in general. I am very happy in the envy and silly attacks of such people as have awakened the generosity of so powerful a defender. Nor am I ashamed of those weaknesses of mine, which they have exposed in print (the greatest of which was my thinking too candidly of them, to whom I wrote my Letters with so much unguarded friendliness, and freedom), since you have found a way to turn those weaknesses into virtue, by your partial regard of them. The eye of candour, like the Sun, makes all the beauties which

it sees; it gives colour and brightness to the meanest objects purely by looking on them. I agree with you, that there is a pleasure in seeing the nature and temper of men in the plainest undress; but few men are of consequence enough to deserve, or reward, that curiosity. I shall indeed (and so will all mankind) be highly pleased to see the great Czar of Muscovy in this light, drawn by himself, like an ancient master, in rough strokes, without heightening or shadowing; what a satisfaction to behold that perfect likeness, without art, affectation, or even the gloss of colouring, with a noble neglect of all that finishing and smoothing, which any other hand would have been obliged to bestow on so principal a figure? I write this to a man whose judgment I am certain of, and therefore am as certain you will give the world this great depositum, just as you have received it: there will be no danger of your dressing this Mars too finely, whose armour is not gold, but adamant, and whose style in all probability is much more strong than it is polished. I congratulate you, that this great treasure is fallen into your hands; and I congratulate all Europe, that it is to be delivered to them through the hands of one, who will think it sacrilege to touch upon, much less to alter, any great lines of such an original.

I can make you no better return for your great compliment upon me (which it would be arrogance in me to shew to any other, and dangerous even to remember myself) but by telling you, that it is honour enough to reward all my studies, to find my character and reputation is part of the care of that

person to whom the fame and glory of Peter Alexiowitz was committed.

SIR,

I am forced to make use of another hand than my own in this letter, having received a wound cross all the veins of my right hand, by which the tendons of two fingers are separated; however, it was a fine paid for my life, which has been very narrowly saved, and which may now continue me some years longer. Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, January 5, 1730-1.

I WAS unwilling to answer your too obliging letter (which puts much too great a stress upon my opinion) till I had read your play with the attention it deserves: I mean, not once, but several times over. In a word, to comply with my judgment will cost you no trouble, except to your modesty; which is, *to act it as soon as possible.* Nothing but trifles have I to object, and which were such as did not once stop me at the first reading; the spirit, design, and characters, carrying me on, without stop, check, or even intermission. You certainly are master of the art of the Stage, in the manner of forming and conducting the design, which I think impossible to be

mended; of that great part, and of the other, the raising the passions, I will say nothing to you, who know them so much better than myself. I would only point out a few particularities in thought or expression, as material as excepting to a button on your coat, or a loose hair. Two or three lines I have with great timorousness written on one of your blank leaves, in black lead, half afraid to be legible, and not without some hope that before you see them, they may be vanished: so may perhaps my objections, every one of them. Shall I see you soon to tell you these nothings? Whenever I shall see you I hope to find we can employ the time better, than I in telling, or you, in hearing them. Or must I return you the play now? Your orders will be obeyed as soon as you give them. I really rejoice at your Lady's recovery; I would have her and you think, the air of Richmond is particularly good to re-establish her. Pray let Miss Hill know, I am ready to believe all the good things her own father can see in her: I can safely trust both his *judgments* and his *affections*. I am, truly, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, February 5, 1730-1.

I MADE a strong essay to have told you in person how very kindly I took your two last letters. The only

hours I had in my power from a necessary care that brought me back immediately, I would have imposed on you. It will please you to know the poor woman is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires. Your hint about my title *Of False Taste*, you'll see, is made use of in the second edition. Your opinion also of my giving some public dissent or protest against the silly malicious misconstruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one step should be taken in it, but *in concert* with the Duke whom they injure. It will be a pleasure felt by you, to tell you, his Grace has written to me the strongest assurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his resentment of that report, which to *him* is an *impertinence*, to *me* a *villany*.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your best security) I have not time to do it. I'll only just tell you, that many circumstances you have heard, as resemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions of liars; the number of servants never was an hundred, the paintings not of Venio or La Guerre, but Bellucci and Zaman; no such buffet, manner of reception at the study, terras, etc. all which, and many more, they have not scrupled to forge, to gain some credit to the application: and (which is worse) belied testimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulness of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I despise both.

Adieu; the first day I am near you I will find you out, and shew you something you will like. My best good wishes are yours, and Miss Urania's.

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Parson's Green, February 5, 1780-1.

SINCE I am fully satisfied we are each of us sincerely and affectionately servants to the other, I desire we may be no farther misled by the warmth of writing on this subject. If you think I have shewn too much *weakness*, or if I think you have shewn too much *warmth*, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a silly one; but the more I thought so, the more in sending it I shewed my trust in your good disposition toward me. I am sorry you took it to have an air of *neglect*, or *superiority:* because I know in my heart, I had not the least thought of being any way superior to Mr. Hill; and far from the least design to shew neglect to a gentleman who was shewing me civility, I meant in return to shew him a better thing, sincerity; which I am sorry should be so ill expressed as to seem rudeness. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both sides might be out, and at a period for ever: I meant by this to have laid a surer foundation for your opinion of me for the future,

that it might no more be shaken by mistakes or whispers.

I am sure, Sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than myself. But I am so desirous you should have a just one of me every way, that I wish you understood both my temper in general, and my justice to you in particular better than I find my letter represented them. I wish it the more, since you tell me how ill a picture my enemies take upon 'em to give, of the mind of a man they are utter strangers to. However, you will observe, that much *spleen* and *emotion* are a little inconsistent with *neglect*, and an opinion of *superiority*. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raise in all men, those gentle ones of laughter or pity; that I was so open, concerned, and serious, with respect to you only, is sure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I saw your epigram against Dr. S. and me come out in their papers; and this, indeed, did vex me, to see, *one swan among the geese.*

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers, I did not know (for I seldom read them); I heard it only from Mr. Savage, as from yourself, and sent my assurances to the contrary. But I don't see how the annotator on the D. could have rectified that mistake, *publicly*, without particularizing *your name*, in a book where I thought it too good to be inserted. No doubt he has applied that passage in the D. to you, by the story he tells; but his mention of *bombast, only* in some of your *juvenile pieces*, I think, was meant to shew, that passage hinted

only at that *allegorical muddiness*, and not at any *worse sort of dirt*, with which some other writers were charged. I hate to say what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "Many asked me to *whom* that oblique praise was meant?" I did not tell you I answered it was *you*. Has it escaped your observation, that the name is a syllable too long? Or (if you will have it a Christian name) is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two syllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddiness, but as having been *dipt in the dirt of party-writing*, and recovering from it betimes? I know such a man, who would take it for a compliment, and so would his patrons too—But I ask you not to believe this, except you are vastly inclined to it. I will come closer to the point: would you have the note *left out?* It shall. Would you have it expressly said, *you were not meant?* It shall, if I have any influence on the editors.

I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendlily: I understood very well the *caveat* on your part to be the same; and complained (you see) of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my *behaviour* and *temper to other writers*; because I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were.

You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one instance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjustly omitted approbation or encouragment, and I'll be ready to do them justice. I

think I have *publicly* praised all the best writers of my time, except yourself, and such as I have had no fair opportunity to praise. As to the *great* and *popular*, I've praised but few, and those at the times when they were *least popular*. Many of those writers have done nothing else but flattered the great and popular, or been worse employed by 'em in party-stuff. I do indeed think it *no great pride* in me to speak about *them* with some air of superiority; and this, Sir, must be the cause (and no other) that made me address *that declaration* of my temper towards *them*, to *you*, who had accused me of the contrary, not, I assure you, from the least imagination of any resemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumstances.

I named Mr. Dennis, because you distinguish him from the rest: So do I. But, moreover, he was uppermost in my thoughts, from having endeavoured (*before* your admonition) to promote his affair, with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lansdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, etc. who promised me to favour it. But it would be unjust to measure my good-will by the effects of it on the great, many of whom are the last men in the world who will pay tributes of this sort, from their own ungiving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I seriously petition for Mr. Dennis. After this, I must not name the many whom I have fruitlessly solicited: I hope yet to be more successful. But, Sir, you seem too iniquitous in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called such things *services*. I called 'em but *humane offices:*

Services I said I *would* render him, *if I could.* I *would* ask a place for life for him; and I *have;* but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a *service,* and I wish it.

I mentioned the *possibility* of Mr. D.'s abusing me for forgiving him, because he actually did, in print, lately represent my poor, undesigning, subscriptions to him, to be the effect of fear and desire, to stop his critiques upon me. I wish Mr. Hill would (for once) think so candidly of me, as to believe me sincere in one declaration, that "I desire no man to belie his own "judgment in my favour." Therefore though I acknowledge your generous offer to give *examples* of *imperfections* rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book; I consent with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine;* for two reasons: the one, that I fear your sensibility that way is greater than my own (by observing you seemed too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the D. of a little fault in the works of your *youth* only): the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find if they are such as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very sensible, that my *poetical* talent is all that may (I say not, will) make me *remembered:* but it is my *morality* only that must make me *beloved,* or *happy:* and if it be any deviation from *greatness of mind,* to prefer friendships to fame, or the honest enjoyments of life to noisy praises; I fairly confess that meanness. Therefore it is, Sir, that I much more re-

sent any attempt against my moral character (which I know to be unjust) than any to lessen my poetical one (which, for all I know, may be very just).

Pray, then, Sir, excuse my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You guessed right, that I was sick when I wrote it: yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine so. I have writ a whole book of retractations of my writings (which would greatly improve your criticisms on my errors), but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jott, especially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the least acrimony (even as little as I desire you should bear to myself), sincerely, Sir,

Yours affectionately.

If I did not acknowledge as I ought, both the father's agreeable present, and the daughter's pretty one, which you sent me, I very ill expressed myself. If Miss Urania Hill has not my 4to edition of the *Odyssey*, I beg your leave to send it her. You had sooner heard from me, but I saw yours, here, but three days ago. I return home to-morrow.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

Sir, February 15, 1731.

Ever since I returned home, I have been in almost roaring pain, with a violent rheumatism in my shoulder, so that all I am able to do is to return you thanks for yours. The satisfaction it gave me is proportioned to the regard I have for you. I will not praise your poem further than to say, the generosity of its sentiments must charm every man: its other merit you know well. You'll pardon the few doubts I start in the interlinings; they are such as you can efface as easily as they may deserve. I wish to tell my Lord Peterborough (who has so long honoured me with so particular and familiar an acquaintance) the honour done him.

I am very desirous to leave out that *Note*, if you like so. The two lords, and one gentleman, who really took and printed that edition, I can (I doubt not) bring easily to it.

The chief objection I have to what you say of myself in this poem, is, that the praise is too strong. I may well compound for the rest.

Suffer me to send the young lady the *Odyssey*, full of faults, as I know it to be, before she grows old enough to know how mean a present it is. I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, March 2, 1731.

I AM extremely pleased with the favour you have done me in sending me your poem, and the more, as it gives me the opportunity of assuring you I never did, or meant you the least injury; in which I should have fully satisfied you long since, had you asked me the question. I remember, Mr. Lintot shewed me a piece of yours, of which (he said) you desired my opinion: I was just then in a great hurry, going a journey out of town upon business for a few days; and therefore told him I would call for it in a day or two, to read carefully: however, I cast my eye on some parts of it, which I liked, and told him so. This was all, to the best of my memory, that passed between us; and you may imagine it was some surprize to me when I saw your Preface a very short time after. I think it incumbent on any well-meaning man, to acquit himself of an ill-grounded suspicion in another, who perhaps means equally well, and is only too credulous. I am sincerely so far from resenting this mistake, that I am no more displeased at your thinking it necessary to treat me so much in a style of compliment as you do in your letter. I will say nothing of the poem you favour me with, for fear of being in the wrong; but I am sure, the per-

son who is capable of writing it, can need no man to judge it. I am, with all respect, Sir,

Your, etc.

I received yours but four days since, it being directed to Chiswick, where I have not lived this twelvemonth.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, March 14, 1731.

I AM not more happy, nor feel a greater ease in comparison of my former pain, in the recovery from my rheumatism, than in that from your displeasure. Be assured, no little offenders ever shall be distinguished more by me. Your dedication pleases me almost equally with the poem; our hearts beat just together, in regard to men of power and quality: but a series of infirmities (for my whole life has been but one long disease) has hindered me from following your advices. I this day have writ to Lord Peterborough a letter with your poem. The familiarity in which we have lived some years, makes it not unusual, in either him or me, to tell each other any thing that pleases us: otherwise you might think it arrogant in me to pretend to put so good a thing into his hands, in which I have no merit. Your mention of our friend Mr. Mallet I thank you for,

and should be glad he would give me an opportunity of thanking you in person, who am, with sincerity, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, April 4, 1731.

IT is a serious pleasure to me to find you concerned, that I should do your good sense and discernment the justice it deserves. It is impossible for me not to think just what you would have me on this head; the whole *spirit* and *meaning* of your poem shews all little thoughts to be strangers to your soul. I happen to know many particulars relating to the Earl of Peterborough's conduct, and just glory, in that scene you draw so well: but no man ought (I think) to attempt what you aim at, or can pretend to do him more honour than what you yourself here have done; except himself: I have long pressed him to put together many papers lying by him, to that end. On this late occasion he told me you had formerly endeavoured the same, and it comes into my mind, that, on many of those papers, I've seen an endorsement A. H. which I fancy might be those you overlooked. My Lord spoke of you with great regard, and told me how narrowly you both missed of going together on an adventurous expedition[6].

[6] On an expedition to the West Indies.

The real reason I carried him your poem was, that I imagined you would never send it him, of all mankind; and that I was truly pleased with it.

I am troubled to reflect, how unequal a correspondent I am to you, partly through want of health (for I have since had a fever), partly through want of spirits, and want of solitude; for the last thing we poets care to own, is the other want, that of abilities.

But I am sensibly pleased with your letter, not only with that which seemed to prompt it, but with the things said in it: and I thank you for both—Believe me desirous to see you: when, and where, you shall determine; though I wish it were here: you'll see a place seeming more fit for me than it is; looking poetical, yet too much in the world: romantic and not retired: however, I can lock up all avenues to it sometimes, and I know no better reason for doing so, or for shutting out the world, than to enjoy such an one as yourself.

I am, Sir, with esteem and sincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, September 5, 1731.

I HAVE been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapse, if that can be called so, which is rather a constant and regular decay. She is now on

her last bed, in all probability, from whence she has not risen in some weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I suffer for her, for myself, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the side of a sick bed, which I now feel, and of what I probably soon shall suffer, which you now suffer, in the loss of one's best friend. I have wished (ever since I saw your letter) to ask you, since you find your own house a scene of sorrows, to pass some days in mine; which I begin to think I shall soon have the same melancholy reason to shun. In the mean time, I make a sort of amusement of this melancholy situation itself, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give some to her. I am seldom prompted to poetry in these circumstances; yet I'll send you a few lines I sent t'other day from her bedside to a particular friend. Indeed I want spirits and matter, to send you any thing else, or on any other subject. These too are spiritless and incorrect.

While ev'ry joy, successful youth! is thine,
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.
Me long, ah long! may these soft cares engage;
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have shewn
Another's age, shall hasten on my own;
Shall some kind hands, like B***'s or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in sickness, shall a friend be nigh,
Explore my thought, and watch my asking eye?
Whether that blessing be denied, or giv'n,
Thus far, is right; the rest belongs to Heav'n.

Excuse this, in a man who is weak and wounded,

but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wish you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly

Yours.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, September 29, 1731.

I RETURN you the inclosed the day after I received it, lest it should retard your finishing the copy, now the year draws toward winter: and though I am in a great hurry, which allows me to say little, only to tell you, in my Lord's name and my own, that we think you shew even more friendship and confidence in us, than we have hitherto been justly entitled to, from any use our opinion could be of, to a judgment so good as your own. We are fully satisfied; and 'tis but a word or two, that I *can* carp, with the utmost and most extended severity of a friend. It will be with infinitely greater promptitude, and pleasure, that I shall speak (every where) my real approbation and esteem of the performance, in which I shall do no more than discharge my conscience. I wish sincerely, I could as well serve you in promoting its success, as I can testify it deserves all success. You will, I am sure, be so candid, and so reasonable, as to conclude, I would not decline writing your epilogue on any but

a just reason, and indeed (to me) an invariable maxim, which I have held these twenty years. Every poetical friend I have, has had my word, I never would; and my leave to take the same refusals I made him, ill, if ever I wrote one for another: and this very winter, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet excuse me, whose tragedies either are to appear this season, or the next. I fancy the latter, as I have seen or heard of no more but a *first* act, yet, of each.

I have lately had an address of *another kind* from a man of letters, which gives me more embarrassment, and in the conduct whereof I could wish I had your advice, though I hardly know how to ask it. I hope soon to see the critical work you promised me, in which I hope to have some further occasion of proving to you the real deference I have to your sentiments, and esteem for your person.

I am,

Dear Sir, Your, etc.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, October 29, 1731.

THERE is an ill fate hangs upon me in relation to the pleasure I've often (from the very first time I saw you at Dr. Young's) proposed in our acquaintance. I really stayed that night in town, upon Bowry's notice, which he left in writing, that you should *be at home all* Wednesday, and had dedicated three

hours to you, or more properly, to myself with you. I asked, particularly, for Miss Urania; but thought myself, though old enough, not familiar enough, to ask to see her. I desire your first notice, if you come this way; or rather, I wish you would take up your lodging with me. In the mean time, pray send the tragedy of *Athelwold* (for so I would call it), under cover, to the Countess of Suffolk, before Monday, at her lodgings in St. James's. I promised it her again; and if you think it of any consequence that the K. should see it in manuscript, I think nothing more easy. In truth, all this is doing it no credit; 'tis only doing some to those who may commend it. I could not imagine in what parts it needed addition; sure every incident is well prepared: but no man can see so far into his own work as the author, if a good one; so little, if a bad or indifferent one. —I am with truth, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, November 12, 1731.

I SHALL have the pleasure (sick or well) to be at the first representation of your play to-morrow, with Lord Burlington and Lord Bathurst, and one or two more. Another noble Lord, who understands you best, must be contented to read the two last acts in his study: but Sir Will. Wyndham, with Mr. Gay,

and some others, will be there also, in another place, in his stead.—I write this that I may not take up a minute of your time in calling on me to-morrow; but if you will send to the office to-night for places for four people, we will order a man or two to go to keep 'em for us: Lord Burlington comes on purpose to town. I am, with great truth,

Yours, etc.

I've yet heard no account from Court.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Sat. Morn. Nov. 14, 1731.

I CANNOT leave London without thanking you for the pleasure you gave me last night, by which I see you can as well make actors, as plays: yet I own I receive more pleasure from reading than seeing your Athelwold. I thought the best part of the audience very attentive, and was told, several ladies were moved to tears. It is pity Mrs. Cibber's voice and person were not a little higher; she speaks extremely justly, and seems to be mistress of her part. I could not come soon enough for the prologue, but the epilogue is a very humorous one. I am ashamed to trouble you; but being gone out of town, and fearing the mistakes of servants, I beg a box may be had for Monday, the third night (if there be any empty), for Mrs. Blount, a particular friend of mine. I yesterday saw Lady Suffolk, and found, though

their Majesties had not had time to read, yet they were possessed with a good opinion of the play; and she would not part with the copy, expecting it would be called for every day. I must once more acknowledge the very obliging manner in which you favoured the bookseller, as well as the particular generosity to him. I can add no more, but an assurance of the sincerity with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

I am hastened away, on hearing my mother is not well: as soon as I return, I hope we may pass more time together.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1731.

I THANK you for your tragedy, which I have now read over a sixth time, and of which I not only preserve, but increase, my esteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taste of the town, of which the reception you describe it to have given of your play (worse, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined), is a more flagrant instance than any of those trifles mentioned in my epistle; which yet, I hear, the sore vanity of our pretenders to taste flinches at extremely—the title you mention had been a properer to that epistle —I have heard no criticisms about it, nor do I listen

after 'em. *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil* (I mean, I think the verses to be so): but as you are a man of tender sentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeservedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for, if there be truth in the world, I declare to you, I never imagined the least application of what I said of Timon could be made to the D. of Ch——s, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not lost my senses, the town has lost 'em, by what I heard so late, as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that description, you'll find almost all of 'em point blank the reverse of that person's *villa*. It's an aukward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, against a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight against: the objections start up in a new shape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a mist or a shadow. Yet it would have been a pleasure to me, to have found some friend saying a word in my justification, against a most malicious falsehood. I speak of such, as have known by their own experience, these twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any stream of calumny ran upon 'em. If it gives the Duke one moment's uneasiness, I should think myself ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verse in my life, than that any one of 'em should trouble a truly good man. It was once my case before, but happily reconciled;

and among generous minds nothing so endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that studies to see its own likeness in every thing; I lament the dulness of it, that cannot see an excellence: the first is my unhappiness, the second yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treasure, which is buried as soon as brought to light; but it is sure to be dug up the next age, and enrich posterity.

I have been very sensible, on these two occasions, to feel them (as I have done) at a time, when I daily feared the loss of (what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than any thing of my own, *except my morals*) the loss of a most tender parent—She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me sincerely, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Nov. 13, 1732.

I WRIT to you a very hasty letter, being warmed in the cause of an old acquaintance, in which I was sure you would concur, I mean John Dennis, whose circumstances were described to me in the most moving manner. I went next day with the Lord to whom you directed your letter and play, which, at my return home, I received but yesterday. I thank

you for your agreeable present to my grotto, for your more agreeable letter, and your most excellent translation of Voltaire, to whom you have preserved all the beauty he had, and added the nerves he wanted. This short acknowledgment is all I can make just now: I am just taken up by Mr. Thompson, in the perusal of a new poem he has brought me: I wish you were with us. The first day I see London, I will wait on you, on many accounts, but on none more than my being affectionately, and with true esteem, dear Sir,

Yours.

I desire Miss Urania will know me for her servant.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, Twickenham, May 22, 1733.

YOUR very kind letter came hither in my absence, which occasioned my delay till now in acknowledging it. Your partiality to me, both as a poet, and as a man, is great; the former I deserve not, but the latter I will never forfeit. It would be wronging your modesty to say much of the verses you inclose, but it would be wronging sense and poetry, not to say they are fine ones, and such as I could not forget, having once seen them.

I have almost forgot what I told you of the patent; but at the time I told it, I could not well be mistaken, having just then had the account from Mr. Davenant the envoy: indeed I fancy it was only of his ances-

tor's patent that he spoke (unless Sir William Davenant bought up Killigrew's); I know no way of coming to the knowledge of this affair, Mr. Davenant being now abroad, and I know not where. But if you would have me write about it, I will learn his direction.

I am at all times glad to hear of you, on any occasion. I would willingly wait on you in the Park, if I knew your times: I have called twice or thrice there in vain, without being heard. I guessed you were in the country. My sincere good wishes attend you; and your agreeable family, as far as I have seen of it, I cannot but wish well to. I am, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, June 2, 1733.

I SENT you as honest an answer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with; and am sorry you imagine any *civil reproach*, or *latent meaning*, where I meant to express with the utmost openness. I would assure you, if you please, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree displeased at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again insist, that you alter or soften no one criticism of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourself of the liberty, nor the world of the profit, of your freest remarks on my errors.

In what I said, I gave you a true picture of my own

heart, as far as I know it myself. It is true, I have shewn a *scorn* of some *writers;* but it proceeded from an experience that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which case, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more respectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not so susceptible of it as you have seemed, on each occasion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have sometimes seemed a *neglect* of others, was rather a *laziness* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was satisfied with those I had; or when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to answer.

I thank you for the confidence you shew you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiss in my *nature.* If it be (as you too partially say) my only fault, I might soon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myself, and intreat you to correct all those in my writings; I see, by the specimen you generously gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe (and *own* I owe) that correction to your friendship, than to my own industry.

For the last paragraph of yours, I shall be extremely ready to convey what you promise to send me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very speedily to see him myself, and will, in that case, be the bearer; if not, I shall send it, by the first safe hand, to him. I am truly glad of any occasion of proving myself, with all the respect that is consistent with sincerity,

Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, June 9, 1738.

THE favour of yours of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged so long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had carried me from scene to scene, *where Gods might wander with delight*. I am sorry yours was attended with any thoughts less pleasing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one else in particular. As to the subject matter of the letter, I found what I have often done in receiving letters from those I most esteemed, and most wish to be esteemed by; a great pleasure in reading it, and a great inability to answer it. I can only say, you oblige me, in seeming so well to know me again; as one extremely willing that the free exercise of criticism should extend over my own writings, as well as those of others, whenever the public may receive the least benefit from it; as I question not they will a great deal, when exerted by you. I am sensible of the honour you do me, in proposing to send me your work before it appears: if you do, I must insist, that no use in my favour be made of that distinction, by the alteration or softening of any censure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have observed in your letter I think just; only I would acquit myself in one point: I could not have the least *pique* to Mr. Th. in what is cited in the treatise of the Bathos from the play

which I never supposed to be his: he gave it as Shakspear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of those, and many more of the thoughts censured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot. I have had two or three occasions to lament, that you seem to know me much better as a *poet* than as a *man*. You can hardly conceive how little either pique or contempt I bear to any creature, unless for immoral or dirty actions: any mortal is at full liberty, unanswered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praise me one year, and blame me another: only I desire him to spare my character as an honest man, over which he can have no private, much less any public, right, without some personal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a sufficient excuse, to allege he was *so* or *so informed*, which was the case with those men.

I am sincere in all I say to you, and have no vanity in saying it. You really over-value me greatly in my poetical capacity; and I am sure your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended: for the first you will do with lenity, the last with excess. But I could be glad to part with some share of any good man's admiration, for some of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeserving to be thought, what I am to you, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, July 21, 1738.

I NEED not assure you in many words, that I join my suffrage entirely with Lord B.'s in general, after a fourth reading your tragedy of Cæsar. I think no characters were ever more nobly sustained than those of Cæsar and Brutus in particular: you excel throughout in the greatness of sentiment; and I add, that I never met with more striking sentences, or lively short reprizes. There is almost every where such a dignity in the scenes, that instead of pointing out any one scene, I can scarce point out any that wants it, in any degree (except you would a little raise that of the *plebeians* in the last act). That dignity is admirably reconciled with softness, in the scenes between Cæsar and Calpurnia: and all those between Cæsar and Brutus are a noble strife between greatness and humanity. The management of the whole is as artful as it is noble. Whatever particular remarks we have made further, will be rather the subject of conversation than a letter, of which we shall both be glad of an opportunity, either here at Twickenham, or in town, as shall best suit your conveniency. Pray, Sir, let this confirm you in the opinion you kindly, and indeed justly, entertain of the wish I feel (and ever felt, notwithstanding mistakes) to be, and to be thought,

Sincerely your, etc.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, September 12, 1738.

I HAVE now little to say of your tragedy, which I return with my thanks for your indulgence to my opinion, which I see so absolutely deferred to, that I wish I had crossed less frequently. I cannot find another thing I think a fault in you.

But my Lord thinks three things may yet be reconsidered. Brutus, on sight of the warrant signed for his death, takes at once the resolution of murdering Cæsar, as none of his father. Quere, Whether in the scene that follows between him and Cæsar, all tenderness on the side of Brutus, and all beyond the point of honour that friendship exacted, should not rather be avoided than heightened?

Another quere is, Whether it would not beget more indignation in the audience against Cassius, and more compassion for Cæsar, to shew that Cassius suspected Brutus to be Cæsar's son, and therefore exacted from Brutus the oath of sparing neither *father*, relation, etc.

The third thing is, Whether the efforts made by Cæsar to prevent the civil war, not only by the equal offer he made, while the matter was under debate in the senate (and which the consuls Lentulus and Marcellus refused to report to the senate), but by the message he sent to Pompey, when he was at Brundusium, to desire a meeting, to settle the mat-

ter, and avoid the civil war.—*Vid. Cæs. Com. de Bell. Civili, lib.* I. The mention of these somewhere in the play might help to remove the prepossession against Cæsar.

After our little cavils (for so we will rather call minute and verbal points of criticism) we owe you the justice to extol highly, what we highly approve, and you need not desire us to speak as we think: 'tis what we have (in different ways) done all our lives, where it was to our prejudice, and cannot but do here, where it is to our honour. I only wish you a stage, actors, and an audience worthy of you, and it. I have often wished to live to see the day when prologues and epilogues should be no more. I wish a great genius would break through the silly, useless formality. But at least I would have one try, to leave the audience *full* of the *effects* of a good tragedy, without an epilogue. Let me add another hint, concerning the apparatus and circumstantials of your play (since I have nothing left more to wish in the play itself), that you would intitle it barely, *The Tragedy of Cæsar*, and give no intimation of his being a patriot; for I fear, instead of preparing the audience, it might revolt them, and put all the little critics upon carping previously at the very design and character: which would appear by degrees, and with the proper preparations, in the piece, on the stage. Another thing was a thought of my Lord's, that it should be printed before acting, a day or two; for the sentiments are so thick-sown, and the sense so deep sometimes, that they require more attention and thought than the hearer may be apt to give on

the first representation. I am not positive, either as to his, or my thought, but submit them to your consideration.

I have nothing to add, but to lament our unhappiness, that we cannot see you personally to confirm what these letters tell you, of our real opinion of your work, esteem of its author, and wishes for your success, in this, and every thing. I am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 5, 1738.

THIS is quite a letter of business, and therefore excuse it; I will not mix in it a word of affection, which I have not a moment's time to express, and will not prejudice the sacred idea of friendship.

It is near a month ago that I tried to see Mr. Thomson, to know the time of his tragedy: he was not within my reach; and therefore at last I wrote to him, and also to Mr. M——, to let them both know the deference you paid them, and the heroic (I will not call it less) disinterestedness you expressed in regard to them. I have not yet been able to hear where they are, or any way to have an answer, further than I have learned it will be impossible for either of them to bring on their plays early (a friend of theirs telling me they are in no forwardness) till the middle or end of the winter; therefore you may

have room. I wish from my soul you may get yours first, as well acted as it deserves. A better, that may eclipse it, or even worthily follow it, I hardly expect to see.—But, upon this notice, I believe you may safely advance it, the sooner the better.

My Lord B. is yet with me, more properly I yet belong to him, body as well as mind (for my mind is every where his). I would to God you had any opportunity of seeing us before we part; my house should be yours, as much of it as is not his. I believe I shall soon go with him on a little journey before he quits England. You'll forgive the abrupt conclusion of this; yet it may tell you all the longest and best written letter could tell you, that I am very sincerely, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, December 8, 1738.

I HAVE been confirmed by Mr. Thomson as to the retardment of his play, of which he has written but two acts. I have since seen Mr. M——, who has finished his, but is very willing yours should be first brought on, in January as you propose, or after his in February, whichsoever may be most agreeable to you. He farther offers any assistance he can give you, in case of your own absence, as to treating with Mr. F—— (with whom he thinks you cannot

be too careful or explicit), or attending the rehearsals for you, which he promises to undertake with all diligence, if you are not provided with another friend in that case. He has heard of some impertinence which may be apprehended from one person's refusal or unwillingness to act, and believes he can employ some proper influence to bring him to a right behaviour. These, with any other services in which you may please to employ him, he bids me assure you, it will be a high satisfaction to him to engage in.

I must express, on my own part, a real regret to be so little useful to you. I can do no more than join with Lord B. in paying due praises to so meritorious a work; our suffrage is an airy tribute, from whence no solid good redounds to you; and I find myself still more inclined to the *man* than the *author*, if I could be any way instrumental to the happiness or ease of so generous an one. I could almost wish myself a minister to patronize such a genius, and I could almost wish my Lord one again, for no other reason; even though his country wants such an one, as well as his friends.

I have never once been able to see Mr. Thomson in person; when I do (and it shall be soon) he shall know how much he is obliged to you for that plan of an alteration of his tragedy, which is too good for me, with any honesty, to put upon him as my own. Believe me, Sir, with great truth, and the warmest disposition to do you justice (before men and angels),

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, London, February 12, 1738-9.

I HAVE felt an uneasiness of mind (occasioned by a conscious sense, how unequally I have expressed my anger and contempt, at the treatment of your Cæsar by the man of the stage) ever since I last wrote to you; and an hundred interruptions from day to day (for I have lived in the world, and a busy and idle world both, it is) have ever since hindered me from enjoying one hour of collected thought. Yet I am the less concerned, since, by my delay, I can now tell you I have last night seen Mr. Mallet's play, the fifth act of which I had not before read, through those interruptions I have mentioned. It succeeded (hitherto at least; for yesterday was the first day) as well as I could expect; but so vilely acted in the women's parts and the men's (except two) that I wonder it could succeed. Mr. Thomson, after many shameful tricks from the manager, is determined to act his play at the other theatre, where the advantage lies as to the women, and the success of *his* will depend upon them (I heartily wish you would follow his example, that we might not be deprived of Cæsar). I have yet seen but three acts of Mr. Thomson's, but I am told, and believe by what I have seen, that it excels in the pathetic. The dignity of sentiment, and grandeur of character, will still be Cæsar's, as in his history, so in your poetry, superior to any.

The person to whom you intended so great a compliment as to address that piece to his name, is very sensible of your delicate manner of thinking: he bids me assure you, his own knowledge of your intention is sufficient pleasure to him, and desires you would not think of doing him either favour or justice, till the world knows better how to do itself the former, in doing you the latter. He is still detained here by the perverseness of his affairs; and wishes, as I most heartily do also, that fortune did not treat you so much alike. The stage is as ungrateful to you, as his country to him: you are both sure of posterity, and may say in the mean time with Scipio, *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas!* Believe me most truly, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

SIR, January 26, 1730-1.

I AM obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly say, I never gave you just cause of complaint. You once mistook on a bookseller's idle report, and publicly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters, only, were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner: and, in truth (except some few), those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and

jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.

Upon this mistake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verses, in some public journal.---I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked, to whom that passage made that oblique *panegyric?* As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not author of 'em; though I love truth so well, as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even that note a commendation, and should think myself not ill used *to have the same words said of me:* therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you, in my own mind.

Have I not much more reason to complain of *The Caveat?* Where give me leave, Sir, to tell you, with the same love of truth, and with the frankness it inspired (which, I hope, you will see, through this whole letter), I am falsely abused, in being represented "*sneakingly to approve, and want the worth to cherish, or befriend men of merit.*" It is indeed, Sir, a very great error: I am sorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to those who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think, he was misled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worst thing that ever (in my opinion) was said of me, on that supposition.

I do faithfully assure you, I never was angry at any criticism, made on my poetry, by whomsoever: if I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would,

though I were sure he would abuse me personally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your servant. I am very sorry you ever was of another opinion.—I see, by many marks, you distinguished me from my cotemporary writers: had we known one another, you had distinguished me from others, as a *man*, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wish you knew, as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to those of the head: I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity: I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of some very mean writers, who are too proud. But, I do know *certainly*, my moral life is *superior* to that of most of the *wits* of these days. This is a silly letter, but it will shew you my mind honestly, and, I hope, convince you, I can be, and am, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. HILL TO MR. POPE.

SIR, January 28, 1730-1.

YOUR answer, regarding no part of mine but the conclusion, you must pardon my compliment to the close of yours, in return; if I agree with you, that your letter is *weaker*, than one would have expected.

You assure me, that I did not know you so well, as I might, had I happened to be known to others, who could have instructed my ignorance; and I be-

gin to find, indeed, that I was less acquainted with you, than I imagined: but your last letter has enlightened me, and I can never be in danger of mistaking you, for the future.

Your enemies have often told me, that your *spleen* was, at least, as distinguishable, as your *genius*: and it will be kinder, I think, to believe them, than impute to rudeness, or ill manners, the return you were pleased to make, for the civility, with which I addressed you.

I will, therefore, suppose you to have been *peevish*, or in *pain*, while you were writing me this letter: and upon that supposition, shall endeavour to undeceive you. If I did not love you, as a good *man*, while I esteem you, as a good *writer*, I should read you without reflection: and it were doing too much honour to *your* friends, and too little to my *own discernment*, to go to *them* for a character of your mind, which I was able enough to extract from your writings.

But to imitate your love of truth, with the frankness you have taught me, I wish the *great* qualities of your heart were as strong in you as the *good* ones: you would then have been above that emotion and bitterness, wherewith you remember things which want weight to deserve your anguish.

Since you were not the writer of the notes to the Dunciad, it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended: I will only observe, that the author was in the *right*, to believe me capable of a second *repentance*: but, I hope, I was incapable of that second *sin*, which should have been previous to

his supposition. If the initial letters A. H. were not *meant* to stand for my name, yet, they were, everywhere, read so, as you might have seen in Mist's Journal, and other public papers; and I had shewn Mr. Pope an example, how reasonable I thought it to clear a mistake, publicly, which had been publicly propagated. One note, among so many, would have done me this justice: and the generosity of such a proceeding could have left no room, for that offensive *sneakingly*, which, though, perhaps, too harsh a word, was the properest a man could chuse, who was satirizing an approbation, that he had never observed warm enough to declare itself to the world, but in defence of the *great*, or the *popular*.

Again, if the author of the notes knew, that A. H. related not to me, what reason had he to allude to that character, as mine, by observing, that I had published pieces bordering upon *bombast*—a circumstance so independent on any other purpose of the note, that I should forget to *whom* I am writing, if I thought it wanted explanation.

As to your oblique panegyric, I am not under so blind an attachment to the *goddess* I was devoted to in the Dunciad, but that I knew it was a *commendation*; though a dirtier one than I wished for; who am, neither fond of some of the company, in which I was listed,—the noble reward, for which I was to become a diver;—the allegoric muddiness, in which I was to try my skill;—nor the institutor of the games, you were so kind to allow me a share in.

Since, however, you could see, so clearly, that I ought to be satisfied with the praise, and forgive the

dirt it was mixed with, I am sorry, it seemed not as reasonable, that you should pardon me for returning your compliment, with more, and opener, praise, mixed with less of that dirtiness, which we have, both, the good taste to complain of.

The *Caveat*, Sir, was mine. It would have been ridiculous to suppose you ignorant of it: I cannot think, you need be told, that it meant you no harm; —and it had scorned to appear under the borrowed name it carries, but that the whimsical turn of the preface, would have made my own a contradiction. —I promise you, however, that for the future, I will publish nothing, without my name, that concerns you, or your writings. I have now, almost finished, *An Essay on Propriety, and Impropriety, in Design, Thought, and Expression, illustrated, by Examples, in both Kinds, from the Writings of Mr. Pope;* and, to convince you how much more pleasure it gives me, to distinguish your *lights*, than your *shades;*— and that I am as willing as I ought to be, to see, and acknowledge my faults; I am ready, with all my heart, to let it run thus, if it would, otherwise, create the least pain in you :—*An Essay on Propriety, and Impropriety*, etc. *illustrated by Examples, of the first, from the Writings of Mr. Pope, and of the last, from those of the Author.*

I am sorry to hear you say, you never thought any great matters of your *poetry*.—It is, in my opinion, the characteristic you are to hope your *distinction* from: to be *honest* is the duty of every *plain man!* Nor, since the *soul* of poetry is sentiment, can a *great poet* want *morality*. But your *honesty* you possess in

common with a *million*, who will never be *remembered;* whereas your *poetry* is a peculiar, that will make it impossible, you should be forgotten.

If you had not been in the *spleen*, when you wrote me this letter, I persuade myself, you would not, immediately after censuring the *pride* of writers, have asserted, that you, *certainly*, *know* your moral life, above that of most of the wits of these days: at any other time, you would have remembered that *humility* is a moral virtue. It was a bold declaration; and the *certainty* with which you know it, stands in need of a better *acquaintance* than you seem to have had with the *tribe;* since you tell me, in the same letter, that many of their *names* were *unknown* to you.

Neither would it appear, to your own reason, at a cooler juncture, over-consistent with the morality you are so sure of, to scatter the letters of the whole alphabet, annexed, at random, to characters of a light and ridiculous cast, confusedly, with intent to provoke jealous writers into resentment, that you might take occasion, from that resentment, to expose and depreciate their characters.

The services you tell me, you would do Mr. Dennis, even though he should abuse you in return, will, I hope, give him some title to expect an exertion of your recommendatory influence in his behalf: a man, so *popular* as you, might secure him a great subscription: this would merit to be called a *service;* and, the more the world should find you abused in the works you had recommended, so much the more glorious proof would they see, that your morals were, in truth, as superior, as you represent them, to those

of your cotemporaries. Though you will pardon me the *pride* of wondering, a little, how this declaration came to be made to *me*, whose condition not standing in need of such services, it was not, I think, so necessary, you should have taken the trouble to talk of them.

Upon the whole, Sir, I find, I am so sincerely your *friend*, that it is not in your own power, to make me your *enemy*: else, that unnecessary air of neglect and superiority, which is so remarkable, in the turn of your letter, would have nettled me to the quick; and I must triumph, in my turn, at the strength of my own heart, who can, after it, still find, and profess myself, most affectionately and sincerely

Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

The following unpublished Letters of Mr. POPE to the Right Honourable Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, are faithfully copied from the Originals, communicated to the Editor by the favour of the Lord Bishop of St. David's.

LETTER I.

MR. POPE TO LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

MADAM, September 1.

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him

in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man, who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your Sonnets, your Remarks, your Oriental Learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth), and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it; —I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held

Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it, there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it, there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just past part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding cloaths; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a

terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

1.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

2.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *ho-*

nest woman, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, etc.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

I COULD quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning; and this heart its—folly, I was going to say,—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had,—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade-Village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moon-shiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a pic-

ture; and with just such a surprize and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you; and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel, which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the East, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk, the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, Madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the enquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I

hope you'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain see how you look, on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes, when you ogled the stature of Julius Cæsar, and a Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart, and as sound devotion, as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I'll assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got ashore was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand; he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets

curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, Madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your eclogues: they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sybils; like them, locked up and concealed from all prophane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself, and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, 'tis not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own

servant and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you use to do in your glass, in order to chuse me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will shew 'em); in short, let her be such an one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking, if you have received a box of books, together with letters from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchant-ship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour, the Duke of Buckingham with praise, I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in 'em, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than

Your friend and admirer.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

AFTER having dreamed of you several nights, besides a hundred reveries by day, I find it necessary to relieve myself by writing; though this is the fourth letter I have sent, two by Mr. Methuen, and one by Lord James Hay, who was to be your convoy from Leghorn. In all I can say, I only make you a present in many words of what can do you no manner of good, but only raises my own opinion of myself, —all the good wishes and hearty dispositions I am capable of forming or feeling for a deserving object; but mine are indeed so warm, that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I can't very decently own to you, much less to any other; yet what if a man has, he can't help it.

For God's sake, Madam, let not my correspondence be like a traffic with the grave, from whence there is no return. Unless you write to me, my wishes must be like a poor papist's devotions to separate spirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be sensible of their addresses. None but your guardian angels can have you more constantly in mind than I; and if they have, it is only because they can see you always. If ever you think of those fine young beaus of Heaven, I beg you to reflect, that you have just as much consolation from them as I at present have from you.

While all people here are exercising their speculations upon the affairs of the Turks, I am only considering them as they may concern a particular person; and instead of forming prospects of the general tranquillity of Europe, am hoping for some effect that may contribute to your greater ease: above all, I would fain indulge an imagination, that the nearer view of the unquiet scene you are approaching to may put a stop to your farther progress. I can hardly yet relinquish a faint hope I have ever had, that Providence will take some uncommon care of one who so generously gives herself up to it; and I can't imagine God Almighty so like some of his vice-gerents, as absolutely to neglect those who surrender to his mercy. May I thus tell you the truth of my heart? or must I put on a more unconcerned person, and tell you gaily, that there is some difference between the court of Vienna and the camps in Hungary; that scarce a basha living is so offensive a creature as Count Volkra; that the wives of ambassadors are as subject to human accidents, and as tender as their skins; that it is not more natural for glass to cut, than for Turks and Tartars to plunder (not to mention ravishing, against which I am told beauty is no defence in those parts); that you are strangely in the wrong to forsake a nation that but last year toasted Mrs. Walpole, for one that has no taste of beauty after twenty, and where the finest woman in England will be almost superannuated? Would to God, Madam, all this might move either Mr. Wortley or you; and that I may soon apply to you both what I have read in one of Harlequin's co-

medies: he sees Constantinople in a raree-show, vows it is the finest thing upon earth, and protests it is prodigiously like. Ay, Sir, says the man of the show, you have been at Constantinople, I perceive. No indeed, says Harlequin, I was never there myself, but I had a brother I loved dearly, who had the greatest mind in the world to have gone thither.

This is what I really wish from my soul, though it would ruin the best project I ever laid, that of obtaining through your means, my fair Circassian slave; she whom my imagination had drawn more amiable than angels, as beautiful as the lady who was to choose her by a resemblance to so divine a face; she whom my hopes had already transported over so many seas and lands, and whom my eager wishes had already lodged in my arms and heart; she, I say, upon this condition, may remain under the cedars of Asia, and weave a garland of palms for the brows of a Turkish tyrant, with those hands which I had destined for the soft offices of love, or at worst for transcribing amorous madrigals: let that breast, I say, be now joined to some savage heart, that never beat with lust or rage; that breast, inhabited by far more truth, fidelity, and innocence, than those that heave with pride and glitter with diamonds; that breast, whose very conscience would have been love, where duty and rapture made but one thought, and honour must have been the same with pleasure.

I can't go on in this stile: I am not able to think of you without the utmost seriousness; and, if I did not take a particular care to disguise it, my letters

would be the most melancholy things in the world. I believe you see my concern through all this affectation of gaiety, which is but like a fit of laughing in the deepest spleen or vapours. I am just alarmed with a piece of news, that Mr. Wortley thinks of passing through Hungary, notwithstanding the war there. If ever any man loved his wife, or any mother her child, this offers you the strongest reason imaginable for staying at Vienna, at least this winter. For God's sake, value yourself a little more; and don't give us cause to imagine that such extravagant virtue can exist any where else than in a romance. I tremble for you the more, because (whether you believe it or not) I am capable myself of following one I loved, not only to Constantinople, but to those parts of India, where, they tell us, the women best like the ugliest fellows, as the most admirable production of nature, and look upon deformities as the signatures of divine favour. But (so romantic as I am) I should scarce take these rambles, without greater encouragement than I fancy any one who has been long married can expect. You see what danger I shall be in, if ever I find a fair one born under the same planet with Astolfo's wife. If, instead of Hungary, you past through Italy, and I had any hopes that lady's climate might give a turn to your inclinations, it is but your sending me the least notice, and I'll certainly meet you in Lombardy, the scene of those celebrated amours between the fair princess and her dwarf. From thence, how far you might draw me, and I might run after you, I no more know than the spouse in the Song of Solomon:

this I know, that I could be so very glad of being with you in any pleasure, that I could be content to be with you in any danger. Since I am not to partake either, adieu: but may God, by hearing my prayers and preserving you, make me a better Christian than any modern poet is at present.

I am, Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

I NO more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sybil, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write; I'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he

did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant: it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, Madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.

If I don't take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I can't guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters, or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expence of a whole people: I barely hope you

will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negociations abroad.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you

as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious, though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my esteem, that what remains of it is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here: and I believe, in three or four months more, I shall think Aurat-bassar as good a place as Covent-Garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic, so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing, or praises one; 'tis no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis never worth any body's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts are; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor Lady Mary for sacrificing herself, must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having frequented those people most, since you went, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom; which I did not assert to be a bob, and was answered,—Love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes that are in it.

For God's sake, Madam, when you write to me, talk of yourself, there is nothing I so much desire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself, that she who I

always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face, than St. John Baptist's head: I wish you had not only all those fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no further than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is really very edifying: the ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text very literally, that commands us to *bear one another's burthens:* but I fancy many a man there is, like Issachar, *an ass between two burthens.* I shall look upon you no longer as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy, where the unhappy women converse with none but eunuchs, and where the very cucumbers are brought to them cut. I expect to hear an exact account how, and what places, you leave one article of faith after another, as you approach nearer to Turkey. Pray how far are you gone already? Amidst the charms of high-mass, and the ravishing trills of a Sunday-opera, what think you of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? have you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How do your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have already (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication, and are happily arrived at the free region of adultery: in a little time you'll look upon some other sins, with more impartiality than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon you'll time it so well

as to make your faith serve out just to the last verge of Christendom; that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business, and not be out of the way of all trade.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true believers. At this town, they will say, she practised to sit on the sofa; at that village she learnt to fold the turban; here she was bathed and anointed; and there she parted with her black full-bottom: at every Christian virtue you lost, and at every Christian habit you quitted, it will be decent for me to fetch a holy sigh; but still I shall proceed to follow you. How happy will it be, for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade, how the good basha received the fair convert with tears of joy; how he was charmed with her pretty manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhammed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting Mr. Wortley to be circumcised; but he satisfies you by demonstrating, how, in that condition, he could not properly represent his Britannic majesty. Lastly, I shall hear, how, the very first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed instant, the beautiful body was left to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for. But if my fate be such, that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any

wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it:

> Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
> Messalam, terra, dum sequiturque, mari.
>
> Here, stopt by hasty death, Alexis lies,
> Who crost half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

I shall at least be sure to meet you in the next world, if there be any truth in our new doctrine of the day of judgment. Since your body is so full of fire, and capable of such solar motions as your letter describes, your soul can never be long going to the fixed stars, where I intend to settle; or else you may find me in the milky way; because Fontenelle assures us, the stars are so crowded there, that a man may stand upon one and talk to his friend on another. From thence, with a good telescope, what do you think one should take such a place as this world for? I fancy, for the devil's rookery, where the inhabitants are ready to deafen and destroy one another with eternal noise and hunger.

I see I have done in this letter, as I have often done in your conversation, talked myself into a good humour, though I begun in an ill one: the mere pleasure of addressing you makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter by giving over where you please, so I'll make it no longer by apologies.

The rapidity of your journeys is what I have been imitating, though in a less sphere: I have been at York and at Bath in less than a fortnight; all that time, your letter (for which you have a thousand thanks from me) lay in London; I had just before

sent one by Mr. Stanyan, giving another for lost that went by Lord James Hay to Leghorn, where you was then expected. Mr. Congreve had written some time before, as I acquainted you in that, who, I assure you, no way deserves to be thought forgetful of you. I obey your orders, in sending inclosed two little pieces; the printed one has made much noise, and done some good at court: I am wrongfully suspected to be the author of it. They talk of some alterations there which affect a man who never asked for any thing but your Pastorals. Lady Rich is brought to bed. I can only add my desire of being always thought yours, and of being told I am thought so by yourself, whenever you would make me as happy as I can be at this distance.

Your, etc.

Mr. Craggs is very much yours.

I am just now told you are to go by way of Italy: I hope to God this is true, and that you will stay this winter, to refresh yourself for new travels, at Vienna. The seas will shew no respect to merit or beauty, in the winter season. To give you a convincing proof how romantic I am, if you pass through Italy next spring, and will give me timely notice and direction, it is very possible I may meet you there, and attend you till you take sea again for Constantinople.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, February 3.

I WISH I could write any thing to divert you, but it is impossible in the unquiet state I am put into by your letter: it has grievously afflicted me, without affectation; and I think you would hardly have writ it in so strong terms, had you known to what a degree I feel the loss of those I value (it is only decency that hinders me from saying, of her I value). From this instant you are doubly dead to me; and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England, was nothing to what I suffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now, I had some small hopes in God, and in fortune; I waited for accidents, and had at least the faint comfort of a wish, when I thought of you; I am now—I can't tell what—I won't tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madness that throws me after you in a distracted manner. I don't know which way to write, which way to send it, or if ever it will reach your hands; if it does, what can you infer from it, but what I am half afraid and half willing you should know,—how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miserable constancy I shall ever remember you?

If this falls into any other hands, it will say nothing I shall be ashamed to own, when either dis-

tance or death (for aught I can tell) shall have removed you for ever from the scandal of so mean an admirer.

What you say of your illness frightens me with a prospect I can never so much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to see you again, may you live to please other eyes, and improve other minds than mine; may you appear to distant worlds like a sun that is sunk out of the sight of our hemisphere, to gladden the other. It is no figure of speech when I tell you, that those mountains of snow, and woods laid in ashes, you describe, are what I could wish to traverse with you. I find I flattered myself when I thought Italy had pleasures that could allure me to have met you there; I see it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear charming to me: and I now envy the desarts and devastations of Hungary more than any parts of the polite world. It is seriously true that I have not, since your last letter, the least inclination to see Italy, though, before I received it, I longed for your summons thither:—but it is foolish to tell you this;—did I say foolish? it is a thousand times worse, it is in vain!

You touch me very sensibly, in saying you think so well of my *friendship;* in that you do me too much *honour*. Would to God you would (even at this distance) allow me to correct this period, and change these phrases according to the real truth of my *heart*. I am foolish again; and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires, who fall in love with saints,

and fancy themselves in the favour of angels and spirits, whom they can never see or touch. I hope indeed that you like one of those better beings, have a benevolence towards me; and I (on my part) really look up to you with zeal and fervour, not without some faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is something betwixt piety and madness.

Madam, I beg you to be so just to my impatience and anxiety for your sake, as to give me the first notice possible of your health and progress. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's office: though you direct me to the merchant-ships bound for Constantinople, I could not stay so long as till one of those sets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the consequence of my thinking so often and so warmly of you. May Providence overshadow you; and that spirit which exposes you to dangers, protect you from them. I am the most earnest of your well-wishers, and, I was going to say, your most faithful servant, but am angry at the weakness of all the terms I can use to express myself

Yours.

LETTER VII.

I WRITE this after a very severe illness, that had like to have cost you a friend: and in writing I rebel against a despotic Doctor, whose tyranny the greatest here obey, and from the same servile principles

that most men obey tyrants,—the fear of death. He says I must think but slightly of any thing: now I am practising if I can think so of you, which if I can I shall be above regarding any thing in nature for the future: I may then look upon the sun as a spangle, and the world as a hazel-nut. But in earnest, you should be pleased at my recovery, as it is a thing you'll get something by. Heaven has renewed a lease to you of a sincere servant: abundance of good wishes and grateful thanks will be added to those you have had from me already; and Lady Mary will be spoken of with respect and tenderness some years longer.

This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you, inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London. A letter from you sooths me in my reveries; 'tis like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favour sets one above all taste of the things of this: indeed there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are—women. I can't express how I long to see you face to face; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency, I shall walk, look,

and talk at such a rate that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!

I extremely regret the loss of your Oriental learning, for that letter I never had, but am heartily glad you kept a copy. I believe one of mine had the same fate, wherein I begged a Circassian woman of you, the likest yourself that could be purchased. Don't think to put me off with a little likeness of you; the girl which I hear you have some way or other procured, and are bringing with you, is not fit for me;—whatever you may fancy, Molineux is married, and I am past a boy.

I must tell you a story of Molineux: the other day, at the prince's levee, he took Mr. Edgecomb aside, and asked, with an air of seriousness, What did the Czar of Muscovy, when he disinherited his son, do with his secretary? To which Edgecomb answered, He was sewed up in a football, and tost over the water.

Now I am got among your acquaintance, you must be content to hear how often I talk of you with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Methuen, Mr. Congreve, D. of Buckingham, Sir R. Rich, Miss Griffin, &c. I am almost angry to go into any body's company where I ever saw you; I partly enjoy and partly regret it. It is not without vexation that I roam on the Thames in a fine evening, or walk by moonlight in St. James's park: I can scarce allow any thing should be calm, or any thing sweet, without you. Give me leave at this distance to say, that I am something so much between a philosopher and a lover, that I am

continually angry at fortune for letting me enjoy those amusements which I fancy you want; and I seldom receive any pleasure, but it is got into my head, why has she not a share of it? This is really true; and yet you are not so prodigiously obliged to me neither, because I wish almost every vanity that can delight them.

Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two courts here: scarce any ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton-Court: I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall.

How many hundred things have I to say to you, not ten of which, perhaps, I shall remember when we meet. I have seen many fine things, many vile things, and many ridiculous things, all which are an amusement to those who can think; though one emulates the first sort, it's hurt by the second, and vext at the third. If one laughs at the world, they'll say he is proud; if one rails at it, they'll say he is ill-natured; and yet one or other of these one must do upon the whole. I am melancholy, which (to say truth) is all one gets by pleasure themselves: but I should not tell you this, if I did not think you of opinion, that melancholy does me as little hurt as any man: and, after all, he must be a beast that can be melancholy with such a fine woman as you to his friend. Adieu. Were I your guardian spirit, your

happiness would be my whole care; as I am a poor mortal, it is one of my most earnest wishes.

Yours.

I beg you write to me soon; you are now come into the region of posts, and under the care of secretaries, the whole succession of whom are your servants, and give me more than pensions and places, when they give me your letters.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR MADAM,

'TIS not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you,—that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas's). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay every body else there; and you'll be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

"You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again one can't tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you'd imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way: one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall;—alas! nothing less;—you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that 'tis the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimnies, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour-window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a match-lock musquet or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety

in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? for in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but t'other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down), over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied verginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner: for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-

house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green-and-gilt parlour, and the great stairs under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lettice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber, that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyderpress.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box: it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those I mean which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we past from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of buts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: "This (says he, with tears in his eyes) was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs." He could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems, two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which, the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tried you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even any body that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope therefore very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, Madam, Your, etc.[7]

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

[7] It is remarkable, that this description of an old mansion is the very same with that he sent to the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to one the Duke had given him of Buckingham-house. See Letter XII. to the Duke of Buckingham.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Cirencester, Sept. 15, 1721.

I WRITE this purely to confess myself ingenuously what I am, a beast; first, for writing to you without gilt paper; and secondly, for what I said and did about your harpsichord. For which (and for many other natural reasons) I am justly turned as a beast to grass and parks. I deserve no better pillow than a mossy bank, for that head which could be guilty of so much thoughtlessness, as to promise what was not in my power, without considering first whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuse, had I told you I had the instrument under such conditions; and I likewise simply thought I could obtain leave to lend it: which failing on the trial, I suffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity, partly from my over-forward desire to have gratified you. The next thing I can do, is to entreat you, since you have not your harpsichord, that you would have that and the gallery together, for your concerts; which I sincerely wish you could make use of, and which I take to be mine to lend, unless my mother knows some conditions against it, to Mr. Vernon.

I very much envy you your musical company, which you have a sort of obligation to believe, in return to a man, who singly asserts your fine taste that way, in contradiction to the whole world.

It must be sure from that piece of merit (for I have no other that I know of toward you) that you can think of flattering me at an hundred miles distance, in the most affecting manner, by a mention of my trees and garden. What an honour is it to my great walk, that the finest woman in this world cannot stir from it? That walk extremely well answered the intent of its contriver, when it detained her there. But for this accident, how had I despised and totally forgot my own little *Colifichies*, in the daily views of the noble scenes, openings, and avenues, of this immense design at *Cirencester?* No words, nor painting, nor poetry (not even your own), can give the least image proportionable to it. And my Lord Bathurst bids me tell you, and the young Lady with you, that the description would cost me much more time than it would cost you to come hither; which, if you have any regard, either for my pains or reputation, you will do to save me that trouble, as well as to take to yourself the glory of describing it.

For lodging you need be under no manner of concern; for he invites thither every woman he sees, and every man; those of a more aërial or musical nature, may lodge upon the trees with the birds; and those of a more earthy or gross temperature, with the beasts of the fields upon the ground.

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Sunday.

INDEED, dear Madam, 'tis not possible to tell you, whether you give me every day I see you, more pleasure or more respect. And, upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and I think I was partial before, to your prejudice.

The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepoint, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I can't say what I would say of you now. Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which he says can never be set right on the figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house in a morning; from whence he will transfer it to the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which

they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure.

Be so kind as to tell me if you care he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like: let every decorum you please, be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desire any at the expence of your quiet, or conveniency, in any degree.

I have just received this Pamphlet, which may divert you. I am sincerely

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Tuesday morning.

So natural as I find it is to me, to neglect every body else in your company, I am sensible I ought to do any thing that might please you; and I fancied, upon recollection, our writing the Letter you proposed was of that nature. I therefore sate down to my part of it last night, when I should have gone out of town. Whether or no you will order me, in recompence, to see you again, I leave to you; for indeed I find I begin to behave myself worse to you than to any other woman, as I value you more, and yet if I thought I should not see you again, I would say some things here, which I could not to your person. For I would not have you die deceived in me,

that is, go to Constantinople without knowing, that I am to some degree of extravagance, as well as with the utmost reason, Madam,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

IF to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, 'tis what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thoughts, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as livelily painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you? I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I designed to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous, Eschantillon of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly, and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence, but by merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters,

with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office: they have miscarried, you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to shew it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eyesight is grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; 'tis a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me; but however it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas;

except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a Spy. I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson will hardly venture to visit you, after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the Sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far Eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers: for I think the Sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues, to see your nature, and your wit, in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the Sun in the other! If you do not write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclaircissements upon many passages in Homer since you have been enlightened by the same Sun that inspired the father of Poetry. You are now

glowing under the climate that animated him: you may see his images rising more boldly about you, in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a Hero's sepulchre; and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many Heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished; you may at least, at ease, in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia, in such a dim and remote prospect, as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you therefore with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand, or not.

For the news in London, I'll sum it up in short; we have Masquerades at the Theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordant, and all its circumstances, I suppose you'll have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffith. The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory. The K. and P. continue two names, there is nothing like a coalition, but at the Masquerade; however the Princess is a dissenter

from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin; it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary. It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me, than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and I wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, Madam, send to me as often as you can; in the dependance that there is no man breathing more constantly, or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you: for whatever that is, it will please me better than any thing else can do.

I am always yours.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way;

might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise around you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. I am glad, Madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it: it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own. Indeed it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe, I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions towards Italy (on the supposition you go that course) and your exact time, I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you, next spring. I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's works,

I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well; I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

I might be dead, or you in Yorkshire, for any thing that I am the better for your being in Town; I have been sick ever since I saw you last, and have now a swelled face, and very bad; nothing will do me so much good as the sight of dear Lady Mary: when you come this way let me see you, for indeed I love you.

[We find by Letter xix. to Dr. Atterbury (p. 109 of this volume), that the Dutchess of Buckinghamshire would have engaged Mr. Pope to draw her husband's character. But though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle, *on the Character of Women*, these lines,

> To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
> Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor[a],

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself that *he held a lie in prose and verse to be the same:* all this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following paper (entitled, *The Character of Katharine*, etc.) as written by him. On which account (in vindication of the deceased poet) we have subjoined to it a letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the history of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.] W.

[a] These two lines are in the character of Atossa, who was the Dutchess of Marlborough, and not Buckingham.

THE CHARACTER OF

KATHERINE,

LATE

DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND NORMANBY.

BY THE LATE MR. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the Second, and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married first to James earl of Anglesey; and secondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby; with the former she exercised the virtues of *patience* and suffering, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal virtues*. The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment, she had the happiness to please; and, in that found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son;* in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and the improvement of whose fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the father, softened, but not overcome, with the tenderness of the mother. Her

understanding was such as must have made a figure had it been in a man; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppressed only the expression, not the exertion of it; for her sense was not superior to her resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserved her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit, which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her children, the misfortunes of *relations and friends, public and private*, and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great: her affections warm even to solicitude; her friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering: her gratitude equal and constant to the living; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth; and the greatest on earth whom she could not esteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than decency. Her good will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not measured by the regard they professed for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs: and as there was no merit which she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy: therefore her con-

versation was as free from detraction as her opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her thoughts were her own, so were her words; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a safe companion; many were served, none ever suffered, by her acquaintance: inoffensive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not stupid: but the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but consistent enemy: (though indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finished one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill; of such, her contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her love and aversion, her gratitude and resentment, her esteem and neglect, were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be insincere, and her heart too honest to stand in need of it; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to speak of her person, which was most amiably majestic; the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face or proportion of her body: it was such, as pleased wherever she had a desire it should; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general: in the same manner, as being con-

tent that her merits were esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere. For she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem, where she was not known; it was enough to be possessed of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of sixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving business, but discharging it fully wheresoever duty or friendship engaged her in it; not following greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due, from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolved all the parts of life, she forsook this world, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March 1742-3[1].

[1] "The above character was written by Mr. Pope some years before her Grace's death." So the printed edition. W.

MR. POPE TO JAMES MOYSER, OF BEVERLEY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Bath, July 11, 1743.

I AM always glad to hear of you, and where I can I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's[2] is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his friends about him. The public news[3] indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one: nay as a general joy to all nations where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevailed.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old[4] Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it should be reported I writ that character, after a story which I will tell

[2] Mr. Bethel. [3] The victory at Dettingen. W.

[4] He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine epitaph for the son. W.

you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help, I know not); but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she shewed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own, in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey.* Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family (whose welfare is so closely connected), the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the master of this place)

Your, etc.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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Rowe [illegible] sincerity [illegible] 12
Pope's grotto, & flower grounds 32
Voltaire, observations on him 46
Ld Kaimes on rhyme & blank [illegible] 71
Milton not relished by french [illegible] 77
Arabian tales, not liked by [illegible] 075
Paradise Regained 103

Samson Agonistes 108
Duke of Marlborough 112
Hoadly & Atterbury opposed [illegible] 113
Atterbury corresponded with the Pretender 116
[illegible] 143
[illegible] death 153
[illegible] death 158
Rivals of Pope & Duck [illegible] 16[illegible]
The [illegible] 173
[illegible] 18[illegible]
The Earl of Peterborow 194, 201, [illegible]
Cardinal Richlieu [illegible]
Plato [illegible] 212.
Mr Pope [illegible] 1733 and 93. 214
Richardson the painter [illegible]
Cartoon of [illegible] at Bedminster [illegible] } 223
Study to [illegible]
Lucan & Juvenal [illegible] 226
Dr Arbuthnot died 1734, 227.
I cannot [illegible]
[illegible]